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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

MARCH 1915

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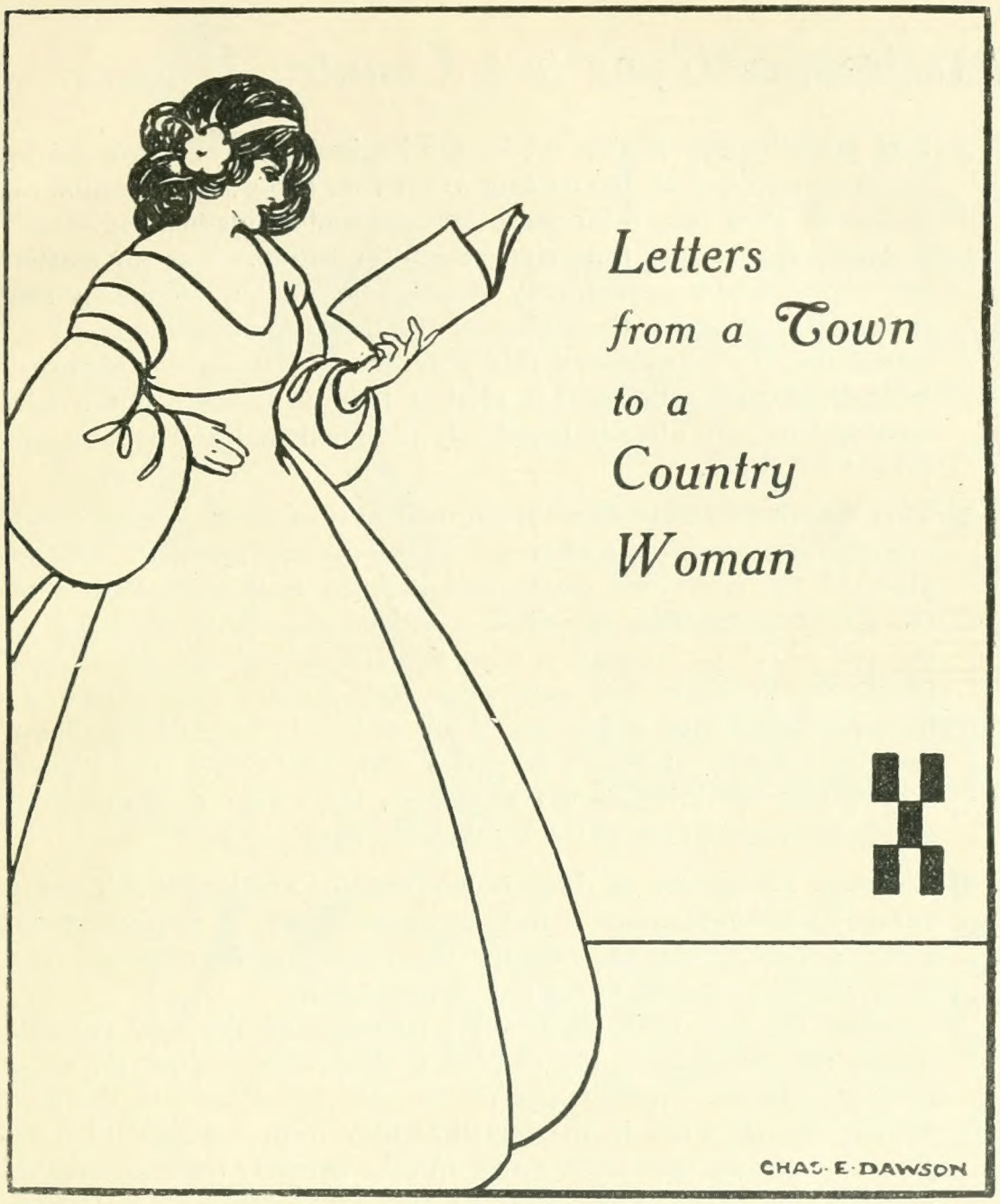

Letters
from a Town
to a
Country
Woman
X
CHAS. E. DAWSON

Letters from a Town to a Country Woman

Now that the new Spring modes are beginning to be displayed in the showrooms of all the leading West End shops, the question of clothes is attracting a far more genuine and whole-hearted attention than it has any time since the War began. For no matter how economical a woman may mean to be, or how studiously she endeavours to ignore the claims of the new fashions, she will find styles are so revolutionary this year and modes have undergone such drastic alterations, that clothes that were made but a few months back are already hopelessly old-fashioned and ludicrously behind the times.

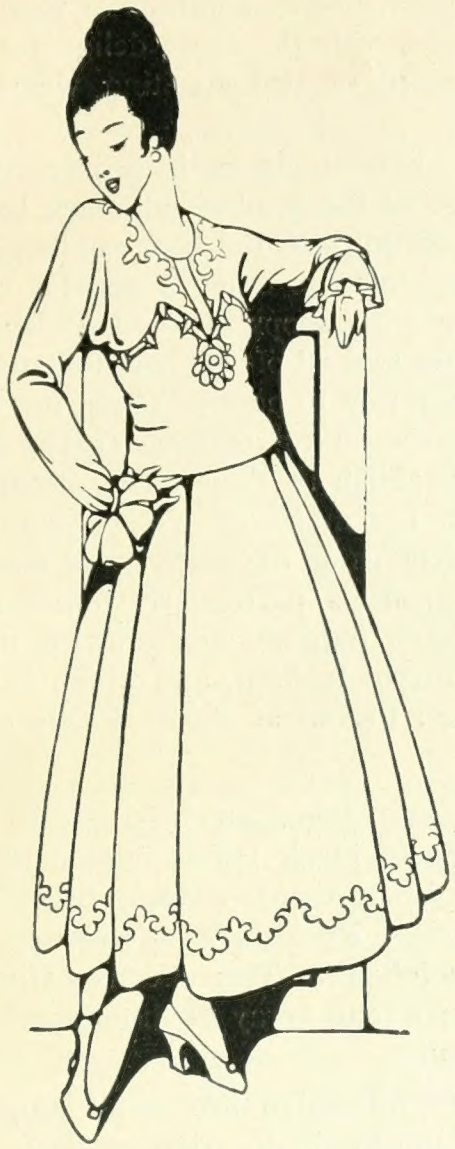
Picturesque Coatee Toilettes

¶ This is perhaps most noticeable in the smart outdoor costumes that are claiming everyone's attention at the present moment. For in place of the coats and skirts and severely tailored costumes of the past few months, one finds a sudden popularity accorded to the revival of picturesque modes which demonstrate the artistic possibility of short and somewhat elaborated coatees allied to flounced and frilled skirts which are cut with wide flaring hems showing cleverly arranged draperies that, while they are full and flowing, do not increase the silhouette, but rather emphasise the slenderness and grace of the fashionable figure.

A Dressmaker who Caters for the need of the Moment

¶ The only alternative to these bolero coatees are long habit coats curiously reminiscent of a priest's cassock, which are extremely graceful and becoming, making the gown of the moment very adaptable for outdoor as well as indoor wear.

Needless to say, both these short coatees and the new cassock modes rely more upon the skill of a clever dressmaker than the art of the tailor. Indeed, one of the chief attractions of the new Spring costumes lies in the fact that they form a delightful compromise between the indoor gown and the severely tailored toilette, and for this reason they serve all manner of practical purposes. What is more, they need not necessarily entail any great outlay, for one of the best dressmakers in the West End is now turning out a large variety of such toilettes fashioned of poplin, taffeta, or that delightfully soft satin charmeuse which she makes to customers' own order at prices that seriously compete with the cheap ready-made gowns. This dressmaker, who is famous for her cut and for the excellent work which she puts into all the clothes she turns out, is to be thoroughly recommended just now, as she supplies a want experienced by so many women at the present time, inasmuch as, while she is moderate in her prices, she can thoroughly be relied upon to make really smart frocks, while she is equally willing to undertake the renovation of day or evening dresses, not necessarily of her own make in the first instance.



To
THE WAR BRIDE

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New Millinery

¶ As a direct outcome of this revival of picturesque fluffy fashions, one finds that millinery has likewise undergone a change that is all for the better. In place of the hard, untrimmed hats of yesterday, the market is now being flooded with the most delightful little picture hats, which have the merit of really suiting wearers of all ages.

For the moment, eccentricity where millinery is concerned is a thing of the past; while in place of the sombre, all-black hat one finds charming colour schemes distinguish the best millinery, and coloured hats are once more beginning to enjoy a popular vogue. An exhaustive study of the various hat shops in London also tends to reveal the fact that this Spring several of the best milliners are taking the matter of fashions severely in hand. These are determined to eliminate the freak modes and grotesque shapes of the past couple of years, and to establish in their place picturesque hats moderately priced that do not make all women who have passed their first youth look ridiculous as the majority of hats sold last season did. This improvement is particularly noticeable in the hat *salon* of one of London's biggest shops which does a great deal toward controlling current fashion, and which is particularly attractive just now as all the latest Paris models are on view.

White Mackintosh Hats

¶ One very beautiful model to be seen here, which is sure to enjoy a popular vogue, is a hat made of black taffeta, broad of brim and made with one of the new low crowns. The only trimming is a wreath made of closely-packed *Rose du Bari* coloured roses that are devoid of any kind of foliage. This effective trimming encircles the crown, and ends in a long spray of the same flowers which rests upon the brim behind.

Another novelty that is highly attractive are small, toque-like hats made of folded white mackintosh simply trimmed with a bow rosette of black or deep navy blue. It is difficult to adequately describe the extraordinary *chic* and the fascination of this new type of millinery which is enjoying a great popularity in Paris. Such hats are excellent for morning wear, and look very smart worn with a simple blue serge coat and skirt. They are also very popular for motoring, as there is nothing about them to get damaged by wind, dust, or rain—a reason which will doubtless make them enjoy a vogue amongst sportswomen; while the fact that they are very inexpensive, costing but a few shillings each, brings them well within the reach of all buyers.

A Good Coiffure Essential to the New Hats

¶ Before leaving the question of millinery, one must not forget to record the fact that all the new hats are designed to show a good deal more hair than has been customary for some time past. The majority of women will doubtless appreciate this innovation, not only on account of the fact that the display of hair under a hat is always becoming, but also because the fashion proves so much more healthy for the hair. For, whatever clever saleswomen

may have declared to the contrary, there is no doubt that the fashion for wearing hats that covered the hair up completely, worked havoc so far as gloss and sheen were concerned. Indeed, the majority of women are to-day complaining bitterly of lack-lustre hair that no amount of washing and brushing will restore to its natural brightness. So much so is this the case that one lady hairdresser who works in the West End of London has made a particular study of methods that will restore the gloss and sheen and natural beauty to hair damaged by the millinery of the past season.

Instead of prescribing a long and expensive course of treatment involving the application of many lotions and hours spent in having massage or electrical treatment, she has found that the real cure for dull hair lies in a new kind of shampoo which she applies by means of a small sponge so that the patient is spared the inconvenient method of immersing her head in water. This shampoo costs no more than the ordinary kind does, and the wash used for it is a scientifically prepared chemical mixture, which is absolutely harmless, being made without soap, soda, or borax, but having some secret plant juices added.

Practical experience has proved over and over again that this produces a brilliant and lasting gloss to all hair, and restores the natural colour in the most marvellous manner. Perhaps the great secret of the success of this delightful treatment which is going to revolutionise hair shampooing in the future lies in the fact that after being washed with this lotion the hair, instead of being dried by a gas dryer, is rubbed and brushed in a special manner, which proves as beneficial as the most scientific course of massage and is really the only method known that prevents hair from turning prematurely grey.

Learn to Wave Your Own Hair

¶ What is perhaps equally important to women who make a study of improving their personal appearance is that at this establishment ladies can be taught how to Marcel-wave their own hair—an accomplishment that up to the present has been counted an impossibility. Properly taught, however, this is no difficult matter, and the veriest novice will find that after two or three lessons she will be able to wave her own hair at home, so making herself absolutely independent of the services of a professional hairdresser or a ladies' maid, and effecting an enormous saving of both time and money.

Blouses of To-morrow

¶ The new blouses which have just arrived from Paris are of especial interest, as there is no doubt that these convenient adjuncts of dress will be very largely used during the next few months. Indeed, all the big shops are openly lamenting, that in place of smart afternoon toilettes and evening gowns, women are only ordering the new coatee-costumes and smart blouses, which they wear on all occasions.

Perhaps the most up-to-date of these are a new kind made of

bright-hued printed ninons which show both big and small patterns and light and dark backgrounds. These blouses are simply made over an underlining of fine lace which shows through the transparent ninon, and nearly all of them are finished off with dainty little lace waistcoats which are highly decorative and effective. Brilliant Futurist colourings are to be seen in most of these new ninons, a very popular vogue being for coloured Paisley patterns that look very gay worn under the new bolero coats, and are well adapted for the fussy, full-frilled skirts of the present moment.

Beautiful New Lace

¶ Writing of the lace-trimmed blouses that are destined to grow in popularity as the Spring advances, one must not overlook that this is merely one of the many indications that lace in every conceivable form will be used by all the leading dressmakers this Summer. To meet this increasing demand all manner of lovely patterns and new styles have been put upon the market. One of the most beautiful is a quite new design carried out in white and cream. This shows a very fine crackle background of cobweb texture, on to which is appliqued an exquisite vine-leaf pattern carried out in finest silk lawn, almost like gauze, the veining of each leaf and the outline and stems of the same being emphasised by delicate silk embroidery. Strange to say, fine as this lace is, it is not expensive. Indeed, its moderate price brings it well within the scope of all dressmakers, who are using it for making flounced indoor and evening frocks, the edge being scalloped and worked with a fine silk fancy chain-stitch that makes a very delicate and delightful finish. Blouses and the new lace waistcoats are also made of this new lace, which is to be had in various widths.

Sporting Attire

¶ There is much to be said for the ingenuity of the makers of sports coats who, by their constant change of fashion and the many novelties which they have so successfully introduced, seem to be able to induce women to wear these indispensable little coats on all occasions.

The latest triumph in this direction are closely-woven sports coats made of spun silk, which are fashioned with fancy spotted waistcoats of another colour, and finished off with narrow sash belts that are worn knotted in front and terminate in a fringe made to match the colours of the waistcoats. These are decidedly *chic,* and will make a popular appeal to numerous women. More elaborate and far more expensive is a delightful silk sports coat which has taken six months to make. This is of finest silk woven in broad black and white stripes with a belt to match, the front being artistically arranged with drooping white silk revers.

Made fairly long over the hips and very loose fitting, this is a veritable sports coat *de luxe,* which will be coveted by all who see it—for quite apart from the fact that it is absolutely unique it is the most artistic production of its kind ever put upon the market.

Shirts for Sporting Women

¶ For wear with the new sports coats one finds all manner of smart tailored shirts have been revived. These, although finished off with the now ubiquitous turned-down collar, fit far more closely to the neck than those worn during the past couple of years have done. For the most part they are made of the new striped pyjama silk, which is enjoying a highly popular vogue, whilst even newer and more becoming are those fashioned of fine Roman satin, which washes well and always looks smart whether used for ordinary indoor wear without a coat, or worn under a silk or cashmere golf jacket.

The Newest Floral Decoration

¶ One would hardly believe that the time would ever come when the majority of women decorated their rooms with artificial flowers. This season, however, sees the introduction of artificial flowers in a wholly new guise, namely, planted in low, shallow terra-cotta bowls and saucers filled with real earth, mould or sand. Into these are stuck small artificial flowers such as pansies, cyclamen, and hyacinths, the latter made with the most realistic looking bulb-roots which show above their bed of fine sand. The effect is very delightful, and the flowers are so exceedingly natural looking that no one can object to their use. Indeed, in several instances they are adopted for table decoration, one well-known hostess scoring a great success recently by adorning her luncheon table with tiny formal myrtle trees in full blossom growing in miniature gilt baskets, while orange trees of the same description are also to be bought, and make an ideal decoration for a wedding breakfast or reception *bouffet*.

Gilt Edged Writing Paper

¶ Fancy writing paper made with a rough surface that shows an all-over floral design stamped in white on a white ground and having an edge rimmed with alternate white and gold patches, is the novelty of the moment, and one that will doubtless appeal to many women who make a hobby of using dainty stationery for writing their private correspondence.

This new note-paper is something quite out of the common, and possesses so much distinction of taste that already a great many people are using it who in the usual way are not attracted by fancy stationery; for, while getting away from the strict utility stamp of writing paper, it is very quiet-looking and cannot offend the most fastidious taste.

To be used with this paper a special type of die has been designed. This shows a narrow stamp measuring about an inch in length and an eighth of an inch wide, which has a black background on to which the address and the writer's cypher are traced in delicate gold lettering.

Other new types of notepaper show sheets and envelopes completely covered with a minute chessboard design carried out in shades of heliotrope or in pastel greens, which is very neat and forms a very effective background for the handwriting.

The Annual Upheaval

¶ By the time these words are in print numerous householders will be busy considering the question of Spring cleaning and the re-decoration of their homes and flats—a very necessary precaution after a Winter when influenza has been so prevalent, for, as all

doctors now declare, the best and most permanent preventative and cure for influenza, colds, and other ills is the thorough disinfecting of the house which has been visited by such scourges—as nothing but a thorough re-papering and whitewashing of rooms where the disease lurks will really rid a house of microbes.

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¶ So many inquiries have come to hand respecting the household notes which have appeared in these pages from time to time that one ventures to bring before readers a wonderfully beneficial mineral water which all the leading doctors are just now advising their patients to drink with their meals in place of the ordinary syphon soda-water that is held by many physicians to be so very injurious to digestion. The mineral water in question is particularly recommended to all who have a tendency to gout, rheumatism, or indigestion, and besides being extremely palatable and very sparkling and invigorating, it blends admirably with all kinds of spirits or wine—a characteristic which has doubtless helped to make it far and away the most popular table water of the moment.

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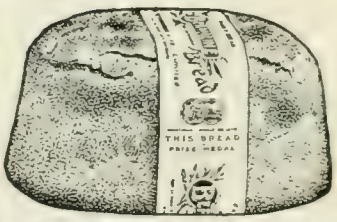

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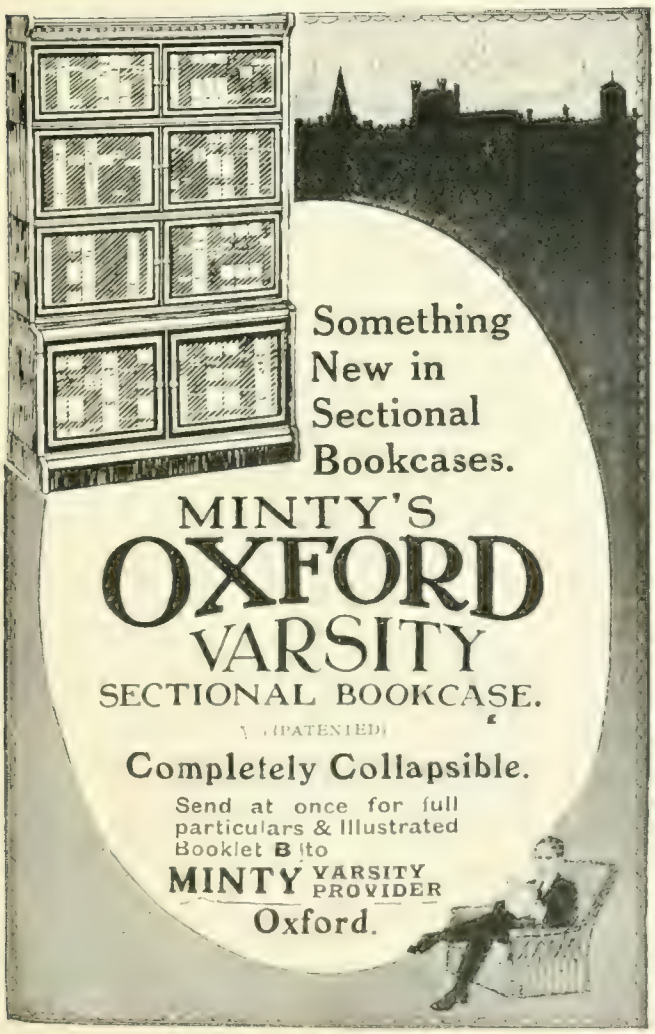

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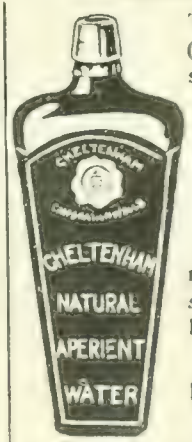

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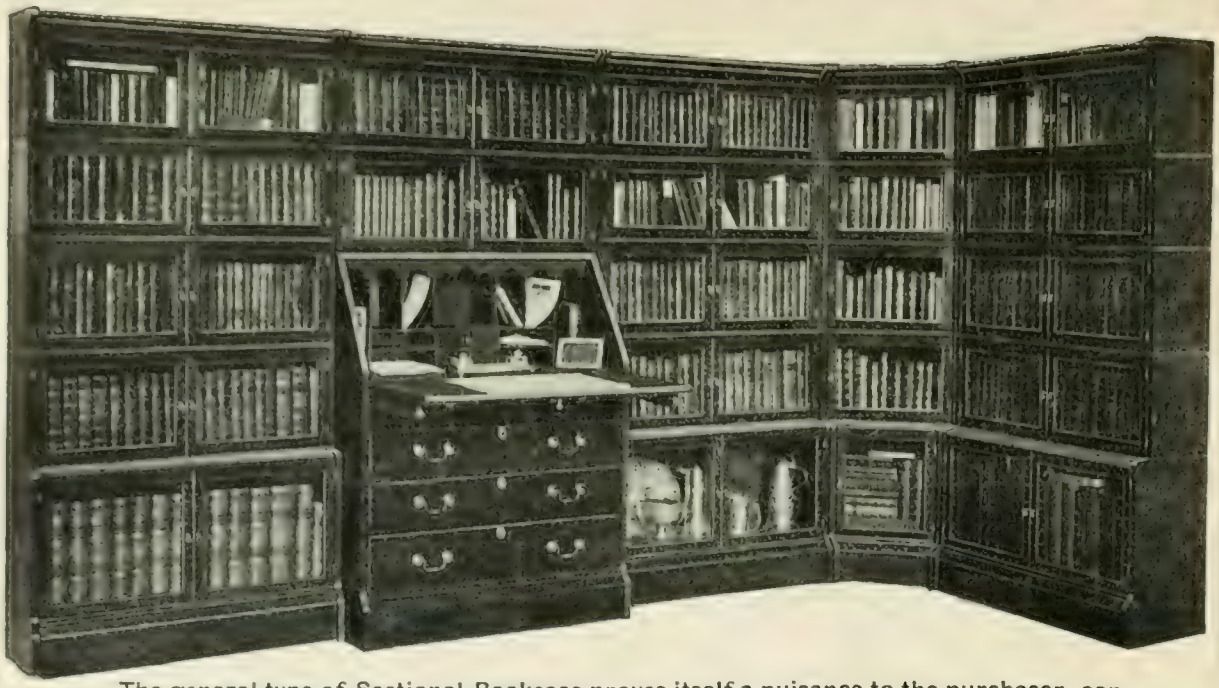

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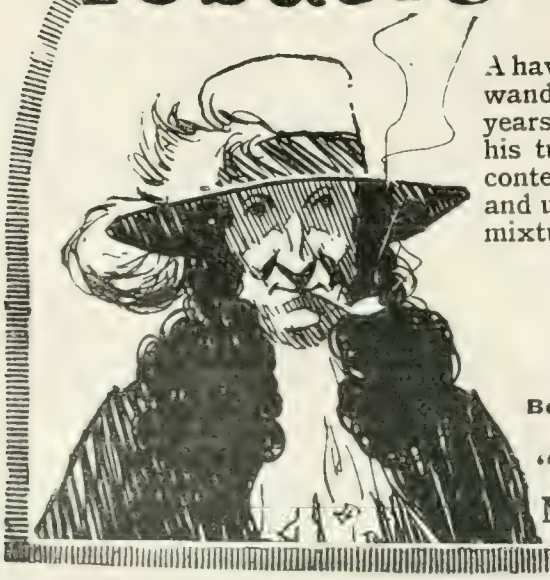

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
MARCH, 1915

Guillaume II

By Emile Verhaeren

LES soirs de fête, en des banquets
Il pérorait
A la lueur de candélabres;
Son buste chargé d'or, dans l'or étincelait,
Et son verbe emphatique et farouche jonglait
Ou bien avec son casque, ou bien avec son sabre.

Son aigle vaste et lourd
Dont les ailes jadis avaient mis sous leur ombre
Metz et Strasbourg,
Il l'employait comme ornement à des discours
Sans nombre.

Il sévissait pareil à l'aquilon
De l'un à l'autre bout de son empire énorme,
Il paradait de large en long
Coiffé, sanglé, botté des pieds jusqu'aux talons.
Pourtant, bien qu'il le décorât des cent galons
De ses cent uniformes
Son bras gauche restait obstinément difforme.

Il était l'empereur estropié
Dont le geste faisait pitié
A ceux même qu'il exaltait sans trêve
Par la démence de son rêve;
Il était l'Empereur, mais demeurait celui
Qui ne parvenait pas à soulever un glaive
A deux mains, devant lui.

Son mysticisme dur, féroce et irascible,
Prenait le ciel pour arme, et la terre pour cible;
L'hypocrisie armait son esprit puritain;
Il ordonnait et déplorait la tragédie
Sombre et rouge des incendies:
Pendant qu'il brûlait Rheims, il pleurait sur Louvain,
Son orgueil comme un bloc se carrait sur la terre
Et le seul froncement de son sourcil hautain
Lui paraissait devoir angoisser le mystère
Et mâter le destin.

De la Flandre jusqu'en Crimée
Le sol retentissait du pas de ses armées,
Il leur parlait dans les plis d'or de son manteau,
Leur ordonnait soudain de vaincre coûte que coûte
Mais dès qu'il prétendait de les guider
Et, seul, les commander,
Aussitôt la déroute
Poussait au long des routes
La fuite oblique, et la frayeur de ses drapeaux.

Il éduquait ses régiments à coups de botte,
La schlague lui semblait ardemment patriote,
Un morne automatisme animait seul l'essor
Des bataillons compacts qu'il poussait vers la mort.
Dites, pour attaquer la France et la Belgique,
Dites, depuis quel temps
Préparait-il ses peuples Allemands
A sa guerre pédagogique?

Hier à Jérusalem, et demain à Tanger,
Et plus tard à Bagdad, et puis un jour en Chine,
Le monde était pour lui comme un tremplin léger
Où s'exerçait son pied, sa jambe et son échine.

En mer, les soirs d'été, il se croyait pareil
Aux paladins casqués des légendes insignes;
Parfois, il s'affublait en Lohengrin vermeil
Et son yacht blanc voguait sur l'eau, blanc comme un cygne.

Il se disait poëte et peintre, il imposait
Aux orchestres de cour ses brutales musiques;
L'archet des violons peinait et s'épuisait
A les plier au jeu de leurs cordes classiques.

Il s'employait partout, fantasque et affairé,
Et ne se doutait pas en son âme étourdie
Que de tout ce qui est haut, grand, noble et sacré,
Il était l'effarante et morne parodie.

Seul était vaste et large en lui
Le vol battant de la folie.
La nuit
Il se dressait soudain
Pour crier dans le vent on ne sait quels desseins,
Ecrasant l'Angleterre et broyant l'Italie.
Ceux qui devaient penser pour lui dans les combats
S'inquiétaient des plans sortis de sa cervelle;
Ils le trompaient et le flattaient pour n'avoir pas
A dresser contre lui leur volonté rebelle.

Son fils sec et fluet était moins grand encor;
Bien qu'il mêlât Dieu sait quels vices de caserne
Avec un goût étrange et sombre pour la mort;
On le disait strict et moderne,
Sa lourde joie était de n'être pas manchot
Et de pouvoir, même à deux poings, mâter le trot
De ses caracolants chevaux,
Quand il se pavanait aux côtés de son père.
Certains déjà le préféraient secrètement
Et l'avouaient dans le mystère.
Pourtant,
Bien qu'ils fussent l'un de l'autre le châtiment,
Fils et père se renvoyaient publiquement
La gloire
Et d'être l'un pour l'autre un soleil dans l'histoire
Et de se compléter par leur rayonnement.

Mais leur peine à tous deux était certes infinie
Quand ils fouillaient, jusqu'en ses profondeurs,
Leur cœur
Sans lumière ni sans génie.

Ils ne se disaient rien, car tous deux comprenaient.
L'Empereur tout à coup rageait et fulminait
Et dans un geste large, il jetait son délire
Comme mesure à son empire.
Il voulait être grand quand même, et cent raisons
Le poussaient à la guerre et à la trahison.
La Belgique n'avait qu'un traité pour défense,
La Russie était loin, l'Angleterre et la France
Seraient à sa merci, avant la fin d'un mois.

Il spéculait sur la fureur ou sur l'émoi
De ses peuples ployés sous les jougs militaires;
Il avait des canons dont les feux solitaires
Brisaient un fort et ses coupoles d'un seul coup;
Commençant par Paris, finissant par Moscou,
Avec sa garde blanche, il ferait ses entrées
Sous les portes aux cent fleurons
Des capitales atterrées;
Et ses fifres et ses clairons
Annonceraient qu'est né sous le ciel d'Allemagne,
Pour l'occident futur, un nouveau Charlemagne.

Hélas! depuis le temps que ce rêve s'en vint
Battre son front sonore et vain,
A-t-il senti avec quel rire
L'accueillirent
Ceux qui vraiment créaient et fondaient des Empires.

The Old Books in War-time

By Frederic Harrison

In these times of stress and strain—with our existence as a great World-Power at stake—the future of civilisation on trial—anxieties, losses, sorrows at home—how is one to keep the spirit calm; hope and confidence fresh and active? I mean those whom age, sex, infirmities, keep at their fireside, unable to take any share of public work abroad. We who have lived through all the prosperous age of Victoria, with its record of unbroken expansion and success, feel to-day as if a moral earthquake were shaking down the very foundations of life, as if the gates of hell had suddenly sprung open, and the hordes of Satan were trampling over Earth in a Dance of Death. How is an old man to keep his soul calm, equable, bright?

Take refuge, I say again, in the great books of the world; shut out the roar of battle and destruction, at least for a time each day, and commune with the great spirits of old. Take up your Bible, and read again of Moses and his Ten primary Laws, and Samuel and Saul, and Elijah with Ahab and Jezebel and the priests of Baal. You will feel stronger and rest assured that wickedness does not prosper for ever. But I need say no more of the Bible, of which men of all persuasions make use in their own way, to which the veriest Agnostic turns for the sake of its majestic poetry and the mysteries of human nature. But apart from the Bible, I say, turn to the great books of the world, immortal poets, profound moralists, those who have seen to the inmost life of Man.

Ever since the end of July last, when I got home from France, then in all its grace and life, and from my last look on the eternal snows when I trod again, after sixty-four years, the rock buttresses of Alps, I have tried various means to keep the mind detached from the hurly-burly in which Europe was plunged. I resorted to long solitary

walks upon these high downs, copses, glens, and sequestered valleys of the West; to the seashore on more than one coast, and the glow of sunshine and sunset of this last very rare autumn, across the roll of waves, and beyond the range of distant hills. I fell back on writing long letters to old friends, pouring out to them my anxieties, and hopes, and cares, and asking them to give me their experiences of these times. None of these things would quite suffice. The sight of our sweet untrampled pastures, our village churches, homesteads, and orchards, brought to mind the horrors of desolation in Flanders and Champagne. The breakers as they dashed upon the rocks, the long washes of the Channel tides, all drove in upon the memory, what miracles of mighty ships, what crews of gallant men, what wealth, what heroes, what skill, were all sunk to the depths below. And letters to old friends, and their letters in reply, gave a fresh sting to thoughts upon all we suffer now—and all we have to suffer yet. Solitary walks, lovely scenes, intimate exchange of thoughts—all these made the present more irrepressible, more inexplicable, more black, more red.

One thing only remained. I found it. In my old books, and all they recalled, all they told, all they promised —I found peace and rest.

Ever since I began to offer to the world my thoughts about reading, and it is now some thirty years ago, I have insisted on the need to form habits of turning back in mature life to the glorious old poets, romancers, masters, and teachers, whom we usually leave forgotten on our shelves, and whom too many of us have not really ever read at all. Now, I am that honest and rather rare counsellor—one who practises what he preaches. As I said recently in this REVIEW, I do myself live *Among my Books*. For years they have been my mental sustenance. And especially in these days of sorrow, anxiety, and savage indignation, they serve to keep my spirit healthy, peaceful, and strong. I have always said that the habit of consuming incessant draughts of ephemeral trash debilitates and poisons the mind. It is like giving oneself up to drams, morphia, or nicotine: the taste and digestion are ruined, and wholesome food becomes nauseous. The man or woman, girl or lad, who gulps down a new novel, the last comic paper, every day,

can no more read *Adonais*, the *Excursion*, *In Memoriam*—nor even *Lear*, *Don Quixote*, or *Tom Jones*—than a tavern sot can enjoy porridge, or a burglar can yearn for the prison sermon. For myself, in these cruel times, I cannot bring myself to give an hour to the last new tale. After careful study of the war news of the day, with proper maps, local histories, blue books, and pamphlets—as we all have to do after our own kind—I feel as if the six-shilling sensation or the sixpenny chatterbox were worse than the old German band, or the barrel-organ in the street. Puzzled, restless, bitter as I feel after an hour or two spent over the latest mendacity, atrocity, or bluff, recorded in the morning Press, I crave for something to relieve the mind from horrors, to bring one back to honesty, humanity, and truth. I take down some fine old book and plunge into the Elysian Fields of the Immortals—and the ghastly vision of Sin and Death melts away from my eyes, and leaves not a wrack behind.

At school and at college, I studied the ordinary classics with rather more enjoyment than is common, but I do not pretend to be a great scholar. I continued to read my Greek and Latin, and with still more zest when those admirable translations by great scholars began to appear in prose and verse, which have given a new life to modern scholarship. However accurate and accomplished may be a man's own Latin and Greek, he will gain something new in the resources of the ancient languages, as well as of our own, by careful study of such consummate prose versions as Conington's *Virgil* and his *Persius*, the prose *Iliad* of Lang, Leaf, and E. Myers, *Theocritus* by Lang, *Sophocles* by Jebb, and the *Trilogy* of Aeschylus, by Verrall. There are many more; but I mention only those I constantly use. And I venture to assert that to read these English versions along with the text is to gain a new insight into the majesty of antique poetry, and also into the inexhaustible charms of the ancient tongues, as well as the richness and versatility of our own mother tongue. The transfer of word-power from a dead language into a living language has never before been carried so far.

Of late years we have not only these admirable English versions of the great writers of antiquity, both verse and prose, but they are now issuing handy 12mo. editions of

many of the Greek and Latin Classics, with text on one page, and the English version on the opposite page. It may shock your scholar, but I confess that I have found this a very useful way of reading the old books, especially when I take a journey or a cruise, or happen to be away from my library, dictionaries, and learned editors. I have lately, in the Mediterranean, the Baltic, or in the Alps, had with me a case stuffed with the *Loeb* series, and with the EVERYMAN reprints, and similar travelling sets. They serve as *vade-mecum*, when one has no access to big learned tomes. Thus I have of late gone through *Catullus*—leaving my Robinson Ellis on the shelves—*Tibullus*, and the *Pervigilium Veneris*, that last flower of Latin poetry —which, to borrow a beautiful image that Frederic Myers rather prematurely assigns to Virgil's religion, "reminds us of the change which passes over a Norwegian midnight when the rose of evening becomes silently the rose of dawn." The *Pervigilium*, for all its Latin words, is hardly the Latin of our school-days, and it has the ring of that idealisation of love and nature which blossomed out into the Lyrics of the Troubadours of Southern France.

Early last year I was reading again the last two or three books of the *Iliad*—the death and burial of Patroclus and of Hector which, next to the first book, have always been my special favourites; and I don't care what the Germans and Professor Murray may say as to their date and authorship. It is not necessary to know Greek to have a real sense of the splendour of the *Iliad*. The invaluable prose version of Andrew Lang and his friends ought to bring it home to any thoughtful reader. As to verse translations, nobody now reads Pope, which is, as Bentley very honestly said, "a fine poem, but not Homer." If one must have a verse translation, there is Cowper or Lord Derby, and of the two I rather prefer the Rupert of the Peers to the lachrymose poet. The essential thing is that both statesman and poet have the right—the only possible metre.

As I am one who never reads a translation of an ancient poet without the original text at my side, and I often do read an ancient poet with a translation at hand, I hazard a few remarks as to translating the classics in verse. For any poem in epic form, the only possible metre in English is the blank verse of Milton and Wordsworth. All rhymed

metres, all ballad metres, all Spenserian stanzas, all hexameters, all trochaics, all dactylics—are impossible, wrong—wasted ingenuities.

The only models for verse translation of an epic are the bits of the *Iliad* which Tennyson gave us—there are but fifty lines altogether, alas!—and we have in his "burlesque hexameters" and in the *Notes* printed by his son, the poet's formal judgment upon dactylic metres. Why cannot we accept Tennyson's unerring instinct for metres? As I have so often explained, the English language, with its crowd of small auxiliary words, and its choking *plethora* of consonants, makes an English hexameter, much more a longer trochaic verse, twice as long in letters as the Greek equivalent. The first line of the *Iliad* has sixteen syllables and thirty letters of which only twelve are consonants. An English hexameter will have sixty letters, of which forty will be consonants. The English line is thus overweighted with letters and with words which are neither dactylic nor spondaic. The hexameter so majestic, so rapid, so sonorous in the hand of Homer, so thrilling, so melodious, so pathetic in that of Virgil, is a "metrical monster" in our English speech. And the various iambic tetrameters and trochaic long lines remind us either of Marmion or of Dr. Watts.

Rhyme makes matters even worse. English rhymes, which have not the monotonous facility of the Italian vowel endings, are certainly not easy. But when, to the difficulty of ending a ten-syllable line with a rhyme, there is the further obligation to keep close to the sense of the original, the greatest masters of English verse seem to be baffled, unless the version is intended to be a deliberate paraphrase. We have had no greater wizards of the rhymed couplet than Pope and Dryden. And notwithstanding the wonderful energy and ingenuity of Pope's *Homer* and Dryden's *Aeneid*, they are mere literary *tours-de-force*. They are neither accurate renderings of the text, nor are they delightful *bagatelles*, as are the *Rape of the Lock* and *Absalom and Achitophel*. The incessant call for rhymes forces the poet to resort to ungainly and inapt terms, or to break out into gratuitous verbiage. Rhymes, as Butler says, are the "rudders of verses," where the poet is moulding into form his own thoughts: the rhymes, then, do at times lead, guide, and inspire thoughts. But where the

poet is moulding into the forms of metre the thoughts of other men, then the additional task of imposing rhyme on the translation is too hard even for the most accomplished rhymester.

Where Dryden and Pope failed, men whose whole lives have not been given to poetry have no chance of succeeding, whatever their scholarship, their industry, or their ingenuity. Conington's octosyllabic *Aeneid* in rhyme is a triumph of ingenuity. So is *Hudibras*—but it is painful to read Virgil's inimitable symphonies cast into the jingling trot of the Puritan knight. Conington's prose *Virgil* is a masterly triumph of scholarship, but it does not enable us to *feel* Virgil as Lang enables us to *feel* the *Iliad*. Nothing can enable us to *feel* Virgil unless we read him :—

> Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna—
> Heu fuge crudeles terras, fuge litus avarum—
> Tu Marcellus eris. Manibus date lilia plenis—

You can no more transpose the wail of these lines into English words than you could feel the thrill of Beethoven's *Adelaïda* by looking at the score.

Then comes that astonishing *tour-de-force* of William Morris, who turned the twelve books of the *Aeneid* into rhymed lines, each of fourteen syllables. It was a brilliant feat; but lines of forty letters, of which hardly more than a quarter are vowels, are lines overweighted and troublesome to pronounce in spite of the rapid swing of the ballad style in which they are cast. The *Aeneid* is not a ballad, not a Saga, not an archaic folk-song, or mythical fable, or romance. It is an Epic of the "grand style," of the most exquisitely subtle and refined phrasing. Virgil was by no means "the careless singer of an idle day." He was, I suppose, the most intensely laborious and conscientious poet ever recorded. He said himself that he produced his verses, as a bear fashions her cubs, by incessantly licking them into shape. He spent seven years on the 2,288 lines of the *Georgics*, which is less than one verse *per diem*. Virgil spent eleven years on the 9,892 lines of the *Aeneid*, which he left unfinished, and so instructed his friends to destroy it. Now, William Morris rattled off his version, which consists of exactly the same number of lines, I believe, in hardly the continuous work of one year.

The problem before Morris was this: Resolved to translate Virgil line by line—in itself an astonishing feat—he was forced to make his lines in English verses of fourteen syllables each—Virgil's lines have only twelve syllables, and Milton's blank verses only ten syllables. But verses of fourteen syllables run inevitably into the ballad swing, and cannot be made epical or heroic by any skill. Still, Morris's version of line by line was a splendid effort. Virgil's twelfth *Aeneid* has 952 lines. Morris has the same number. Dryden, with his garrulous embellishments, makes it 1,377 lines—more than one-third longer. And Conington, who resorts to a shorter ballad line of only eight syllables, turns Virgil's 952 lines into some 1,550. In fact, Conington usually needs four lines to express Virgil's two. Thus:—

> Sic fatur lacrimans, classique immittit habenas,
> Et tandem Euboicis Cumarum adlabitur oris.

With Conington's short, quick ballad metre, these two lines become four.

Conington turns it thus:—

> So cries he while the tears run down,
> And gives his fleet the rein,
> Till, sailing on, the Euboic town
> Of Cumae they attain.

This will not do. It is neither Virgil, nor poetry, nor epic; and in its familiar jingle reminds us of the "Babes in the Wood," or "Johnny Gilpin."

In fact, Morris, whilst strictly keeping line for line, uses a verse too long, having four syllables more than our epic forms; Conington, nearly doubling the number of lines, uses a verse so short, that it reminds us of our childish ballads, not of Virgil.

Then on the top of the difficulty of the length of line comes the problem of rhyme, which Dryden, Morris, and Conington all meet, and all fall, with a bold face to the invincible foe. Dryden was a consummate master of rhyme, as his Satires and his Fables prove, but even he is driven to such odd rhymes as "noble families" to rhyme with "Lavinia sees," and "a juster recompense" to rhyme with "th' Etolian prince." Conington again shows extraordinary agility in rhyming, but he has to use such archa-

isms as "prores" to rhyme with "shores," and "treen" (*i.e.* trees) to rhyme with "queen."

Then Morris has to make "fierce" rhyme with "diverse," and "myrrh" to rhyme with "hair," "folk" with "cloak." And it is part of his plan—and, I think, a wrong plan—to sprinkle his page with old English and ballad style, such as "father-folk of Alba-town," where Conington has "the ancient sires of Alban blood." Then he has "a-growling," "a-looking," "withal," and many odd-looking turns of speech fit for an old lay, but such as jar on Virgil's *curiosa felicitas* and thrice-sifted niceties of phrase. Morris made a wonderful effort, and, I think, alone of all translators, has made his whole *Aeneid* correspond line for line with the original. But, with the double exigencies of rhyming each line and of overweighting his English verse, I sadly confess it to be another failure.

I have several verse translations by eminent scholars. Mr. Matthew P. W. Boulton, a descendant of James Watts's partner, translated the sixth *Aeneid* into rhymed fourteen-syllable lines of seven feet—one more than Virgil's, and the same metre as Morris. I have not got the version of Sir Theodore Martin, but I possess and use his *Horace*. Sir George Osborne Morgan, a famous Oxford scholar, translated the *Eclogues* into hexameters without rhyme. And another Oxford scholar, the late Lord Bowen, published translations of the *Eclogues* and six books of the *Aeneid* in rhymed and truncated dactylics, *i.e.*, hexameters catalectic. The ingenious defence of hexameters in his Preface does not satisfy me. I agree with Tennyson that "English hexameters are only fit for comic subjects" (*Notes*, Hallam's Edition, 1913, page 940). Lord Derby called it a "pestilent heresy." English metres have neither true dactyls nor true spondees. Our iambic metre is heroic and dramatic; our trochaic metres are comic or vocal. To translate Virgil is to face Scylla and Charybdis, to be between the Devil and the deep sea. It is almost hopeless to get an hexameter line of Virgil into a line of only ten syllables; but an English verse of fourteen syllables drags, and if it is in hybrid dactyls it sounds like—"Ride a cock-horse."

It won't do. Long lines, dactyls, rhymes, are all impossible, if one has to put the true words of Virgil into

real English poetry. A very poor scholar might still enjoy Virgil, if he read Conington's prose version with it line for line. Those who can make nothing of the Latin will continue, as they did in the eighteenth century, to read Dryden. Our "glorious John" often blundered over the text, he took liberties with it too often, and embroidered his author as if he were retelling a tale from Chaucer. But, after all, Dryden's *Virgil* is readable English. His tenth book of the *Aeneid* opens thus:—

> The gates of heav'n unfold; Jove summons all
> The gods to council in the common hall.
> Sublimely seated he surveys from far
> The fields, the camp, the fortune of the war.

Here, in four lines, are Virgil's four lines:—

> Panditur interea domus omnipotentis Olympi,
> Conciliumque vocat divom pater atque hominum rex
> Sideream in sedem, terras unde arduus omnes
> Castraque Dardanidum aspectat populosque Latinos.

Dryden has not quite exactly followed his text, but he gives the sense fairly, and he offers the English reader some ringing lines which are poetry and have a touch of the epic note.

This is not quite equal to Milton's opening of *Paradise Lost*, Book II.:—

> High on a throne of royal state, which far
> Outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Ind.

It is quite wrong to assume that our English verse of five feet cannot be made rich, majestic, epic, without being longer, or that it needs rhyme "to make it pleasing." Take this:—

> Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heav'n.

Is that line not sufficiently full and grand? Would it be improved by tacking on to it four more syllables in two extra feet, or would it be more "pleasing" if the next line ended with "given," "driven," "shriven," to rhyme with Heaven? Those who intend to write epic poetry in English should study the blank verse of Milton and Shakespeare:—

> *nocturna versate manu versate diurna.*

Neither ancient metres, nor long lines, nor rhyme are needed in translating Homer or Virgil.

I certainly do not restrict my reading to epics in a time like this. I have had enough of the "Fight at the Ships," and the *Aristeia* of Diomedes, Menelaos, and Patroclos—and when one comes to Virgil's rather conventional efforts to keep up with the giant stride of Homer:—

> Sequiturque patrem non passibus aequis—

the incessant gore and carnage becomes almost sickening in the hands of poor, dear, gentle, melancholy Maro, who, one always thinks:—

> Nor the division of a battle knows
> More than a spinster.

No! in these days we want something lighter, more cheerful, and more modern than a great epic.

What can be pleasanter for a spare half-hour, or on a journey out of reach of a library, than the Latin Elegiacs in a convenient form? I have already spoken of the *Catullus*, *Tibullus*, and *Pervigilium* in the handy Loeb edition, with text on one side, and English prose on the other side. It is good enough for me. Though I have, and often refer to, the monumental work on Catullus by Robinson Ellis, the glory of Oxford scholarship, I confess I rather grudge the two massive octavos, nearly 1,000 pages in all, in which Ellis enshrined the lively, fantastic, scandalous Roman *vivcur*. Can it matter how we piece together those broken verses, not a few of which should really have been swept off into the *Cloaca Maxima* by the Aedile's scavenger? And what a luckless pedantry was that of translating Catullus into his own metres! Can any English verse convey the bird-like twitter of *passer, deliciae meae puellae?* Though Catullus, like any debauched young "blood" of Rome, or Paris, or London, perpetrated not a little scandalous chaff, and, indeed, too much smut, his best poems have a thrill and a ring which have hardly any equal in all Latin poetry. He always reminds me of Burns, and at times of Heine—or Leopardi.

Robinson Ellis's translation of Catullus into the original metres is a type of the mistake made by great scholars who desire to keep close to the text, and resort to obsolete, clumsy, rare words, and so perpetrate a jargon which is not English at all. Catullus is one of the last poets on whom

this pedantry should be practised. In his Preface, Ellis very rightly examines the error of translators who confuse *accent* and *quantity*, especially in that record specimen of bad hexameters, *Evangeline*; and he very rightly cites Kingsley's *Andromeda* as the best example of English hexameters, and that is because the true dactylic lines in that poem are in Greek names, not English words. In Mr. Ellis's version, Catullus's *lepidum novum libellum* is :—

Purfled glossily, fresh with ashy pumice.

Zonam soluit diu ligatam—

becomes "late-won loosener of the wary girdle." What is a wary girdle?

Flendo turgiduli rubent ocelli,

becomes "Eyes do angrily redden all a'weeping." Is this any better than "my lady's darling eyes are heavy and red with weeping" (F. W. Cornish, Loeb Ed.).

Turn to the famous stanzas from *Sappho* :—

Qui sedens adversus identidem te—

this becomes "face to face who towards thee attently sitting."

And all this jumble of words in order to turn into English poetry Sappho's perfectly simple

ὄστις ἐναντίος τοι | ἰζάνει.

In the famous Hymenæan Song of Catullus, the radical impossibility of resort to original metres is singularly marked. Latin is a language in which, owing, perhaps, to its case-endings, genders, and numbers, adjectives and verbs can be widely separated and thrown into different lines. English does not admit of this separation. When, in a poem of 240 lines each verse is run on into the next, so that every line ends in an adjective, preposition, or other subsidiary word, the effect is intolerably tiresome, thus :—

Approach in all
Joy, approach with a luminous
Foot, a sandal of amber.

Or, again, this stanza :—

You in chastity tried the long
Years, good women of agedest
Husbands, lay ye the bride to-night.

Is this poetry—is it sense—is it Catullus's own—

> Vos bonae senibus viris
> cognitae bene feminae
> collocate puellulam?

This seems the pedantry of a scholar who was so deeply saturated with his classics that he had forgotten the use of his own tongue.

But it is not to be supposed that a great scholar is incapacitated from translating into English verse. Professor Conington's verse translation of Horace's *Odes* is proof to the contrary. His long and very important Preface to that volume is an admirable study of the problem of translating Latin into English poetry. As a former pupil of Conington myself in 1851, I return with joy to his convincing canons of criticism. Surely he is right in insisting that such Odes as those of Horace should be turned (1) in the same number of lines, (2) in metres, not at all the same in rhythm, but similar in length and in *effect*, (3) in metres, essentially *iambic*, and not trochaic, dactylic, or choriambic, (4) in rhyme, which is indispensable in lyric poetry, and in rhymes alternate, not in couplets.

Working on these indisputable rules, Conington translated the *Odes* of Horace with a real success. His Ode to Pyrrha, *Quis multa gracilis*, is distinctly better than Milton's, because it is in alternate rhyme and more easy, more dainty, more eighteenth-century than Milton's. It is also more exact than Francis, and far more Horatian than the version of Sir Theodore Martin. Sir Theodore's *Works of Horace* is an invaluable god-send to the English reader, and many of his Odes are really poetry. The famous amœbean *Ode* with Lydia—*Donec gratus eram*—is beautifully turned by Martin, in stanzas of eight-syllable iambics, with alternate rhyme. This Ode by Sir Theodore is far more lyrical, easy, and airy than Conington's. Here in this Ode he keeps strictly to the lines of his original, and follows it stanza by stanza. His version is too often, however, open to the just criticism of Conington, that it is diffuse, inexact, with embroidery of his own. Would that Sir Theodore had been a more absolute Horatian: would that Conington had been a more true poet!

Another instance of a classical scholar who made some beautiful versions of an ancient lyric poet is to be found

in C. S. Calverley's *Theocritus*, which is a brilliant success. In a masterly preface he justifies the resort to our Miltonic blank verse for all longer pieces in Greek hexameters, as in the famous *Pharmaceutria* :—

> Where are the bay-leaves, Thestylis, and the charms—

or as in the *Encomion to Ptolemy* :—

> With Zeus begin, sweet sisters, end with Zeus

Here, Calverley makes a complete answer to Conington's acquiescence in the conventional objection to the use of blank verse, that "no modern can write it." Frederic Myers also made some excellent versions of Virgil in blank verse.

This fatal misconception it was that induced Conington to ruin his Virgil's *Aeneid* by weakly abandoning blank verse and falling into the facile canter of Scott's *Marmion* —all, he says, for the sake of rapidity. But the *Aeneid* is majestic, sonorous, most delicately phrased, and does not rattle on like a border-ballad, or *Chevy-Chase*. So that Conington's *Aeneid* fails as utterly as his *Horace* succeeds. Would that Conington, before choosing the metre for his *Virgil*, had practised the imperative rule he states in the preface to his *Horace*, that a translator should strive to keep within the measure of the original lines. Instead of this, Conington fell into the trap when he states that rhyme offers "a chance of giving pleasure." This is an inversion of the real truth. Rhyme gives no pleasure, and is a needless incumbrance in epic. Mr. Calverley, as well as Tennyson, F. Myers, and others, has proved that blank verse is quite possible in the epic form.

But rhyme is quite indispensable in a short lyric, as Conington, Martin, and Calverley all agree. Conington and Martin rightly use it invariably in the Odes of Horace. Calverley resorts to rhyme in the slighter lyrics, in the amœbean songs, in pieces which fall into stanzas, in epigrams and epitaphs. I hold Calverley's *Theocritus* to be a perfect model for English translations into verse.

But here is another, quite recent, even more suggestive, model for translators, which I am constantly taking up for a bit of rest after these blood-curdling telegrams, I mean *Select Epigrams of Martial*, translated or imitated in Eng-

lish verse by W. J. Courthope, C.B., etc., late Professor of Poetry at Oxford (John Murray, 1914). Of course, Martial in English needs selection, and the choice made is adequate and thoroughly typical of the rather scurvy wit of the decadent Empire. Mr. Courthope's translations are all in rhyme. This, though wrong for epic, is indispensable for translating epigrams, or short society lyrics, or friendly trifles. That is his first canon. The second is, *iambic* metres either of ten or sometimes of eight syllables. No silly attempt to write in English dactyls, trochees, or anapæsts—no childish copy of such a rhythm as "Humpty Dumpty had a great fall." The third rule is, to translate line for line, keeping fairly to the length of the original poem, but not so slavishly as not occasionally to exceed somewhat. Thus, No 2, of sixteen lines, is turned in twenty-two lines; but this is quite exceptional. Martial's elegiac metres (hexameter alternately with pentameter) are very rightly turned in the familiar rhymed heroics of Dryden and Pope. The shorter four-foot line of Catullus (hendecasyllables) are again rightly turned in our rhymed four-foot line of Swift.

It is a delightful book. The versions are real, easy, pleasant English poetry, not ear-cracking, jaw-twisting scholar's oddities. They may all be read agreeably by one who knows no Latin. No one can read these friendly banterings of the Spanish society-parasite, who delighted the smart world of Rome about the beginning of the second century, A.D., without being struck with the singular likeness of its tone to that of Pope and Gay, and even to that of Moore and Byron.

The last section of Mr. Courthope's book contains a few *Imitations*, or deliberate adaptations of the Latin poems to our own times, habits, and persons. This amusing art was admirably treated in a volume by my late friend, E. H. Pember, which he printed, with graceful illustrations from gems, at the Chiswick Press, "for private distribution, 1891," and entitled it *Debita Flacco*. It had light, airy adaptations from the *Odes* of Horace, in the vein of modern London. This gift-book, an *édition de luxe*, limited to 250 copies, is a real possession to those lucky enough to have a copy. But since it has never yet been published, I must not tantalise the reader by saying more of it.

Mr. Courthope's *Imitations* of Martial are far more close to the original, more terse, more "topical," and, therefore, run off the tongue more easily. I cannot resist citing the last of them (page 101):—

To the Public.*

If books you'd order without fail
As company for boat or rail,
Buy this, whose small octavo page
Reflects the spirit of our age.
More weighty volumes desks demand,
But this you'll manage, sit or stand,
To hold with ease in either hand.
Where you may buy it next I'll tell:
Mount from the Club-land of Pall Mall
To where St. James by roadway hilly
Conducts your feet to Piccadilly.
If with the Publisher you'd parle,
Cross to the Street of Albemarle;
There (in an ancient house, whose fame
Is sung by bards of mighty name)
You'll find him at his work each day
In 50 or in 50A.

That is exactly what I say to the reader myself—only in London it is not necessary to go to Albemarle Street. Every bookseller in town or country has the new *Martial.*

Though rhyme is a mere vexation in long and stately versions of an epic, it is perfectly suited and usually indispensable, not only for odes, epigrams, and idylls, but also for extended satires and moral poems in Greek or Latin hexameter metre. Consequently, rhymed and usually heroic couplets were properly used in translating the satires of Horace, Juvenal, and Perseus by Dryden, Johnson, Gifford, Theodore Martin, Conington, and others. Only

* From *Martial,* I. iii.:—

Ad lectorem, ubi libri venales.

Qui tecum cupis esse meos ubicunque libellos,
Et comites longae quaeris habere viae;
Hos eme, quos arctat brevibus membrana tabellis;
Scrinia da magnis, me manus una capit.
Ne tamen ignores ubi sim venalis, et erres
Urbe vagus tota, me duce certus eris.
Libertum docti Lucensis quaere Secundum,
Limina post Pacis, Palladiumque forum.

I venture to think Mr. Courthope's paraphrase quite as neatly turned as Martial's, and much more sprightly. *Mega biblion mega kakon.* I am all for the small handy books now. No more quartos and massive annotations for me. Now I like my Greek and Latin in portable form, and with easy English on the opposite page.—F. H.

there is this qualification. Satires, familiar epistles, such poems as the *Ars poetica*, do not need, and hardly bear, that close limitation to the author's words which we demand in epic, and in gem-like lyrics. It is an offence when we find Pope thrusting into Homer's text some conventional ornament that smacks of Queen Anne, or when we come on a dramatic commonplace and coffee-house bravura thrown by Dryden into the thrice-strained perfume of Virgil's epic. Nor can we allow gratuitous prettiness added to Horace's sardonyx gems by Francis, Theodore Martin, and the rest.

The case is wholly different with satires, moral and critical essays in verse. Here the sense is usually more important than the phrasing, and the sense is more within the reach of a modern writer. Pope's *Essay on Man* or Dryden's *Religio Laici* is, perhaps, as good a poem as Juvenal's Tenth Satire, and Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes* has couplets which are quoted as often as *Gracchos de seditione querentes*, or *Græculus esuriens in cœlum jusseris ibit.* In fact, in translating Latin satires, at least for Juvenal and Persius, some amount of licence, even of paraphrase, is both allowable, and often necessary. It greatly reduces the difficulty of finding rhymes, so that the translator is not fastened to a bed of Procrustes, in that he is bound to exact words, and yet has to echo the end of each verse. I have, of late, to relieve my mind from the strain of hourly telegrams, been rubbing up my Juvenal and my Persius, always with Gifford, Dryden, and Johnson by my side. Old Sam is tiresome by the bow-wow monotony of his eternal antitheses. Dryden, too, often swings about his brawny arms like a prize-fighter to exhibit his strength of blow. Strong he is: but too often his swagger is disgusting. Gifford is really the best of the lot. And, free as he is, and too often running away from his text, I take him as the true type of a translator of satiric Latin.

But I close here. Perhaps I may add some words in another number—unless my readers judge all this talk of mine to be a mere back-number.

The Leaf-cutters*

By Henry Fabre

The man who knows how to use his eyes in his garden will observe, some day or other, a number of curious holes in the leaves of his lilac- and rose-trees, some of them round, some oval, as if idle but skilful hands had been at work with the pinking-iron. In some places there is scarcely anything but the veins of the leaves left. The author of the mischief is a grey-clad Bee, a Leaf-cutter, or Megachile. For scissors, she has her mandibles; for compasses, producing now an oval and anon a circle, she has her eye and the pivot of her body. The pieces cut out are made into thimble-shaped wallets, destined to contain the honey and the egg: the larger, oval pieces supply the floor and sides; the smaller, round pieces are reserved for the lid. A row of these thimbles, placed one on top of the other, up to a dozen or more, though often there are less: that is, roughly, the structure of the Leaf-cutter's nest.

When taken out of the recess in which the mother has manufactured it, the cylinder of cells seems to be an indivisible whole, a sort of tunnel obtained by lining with leaves some gallery dug underground. The real thing does not correspond with its appearance: under the least pressure of the fingers, the cylinder breaks up into equal sections, which are so many compartments independent of their neighbours as regards both floor and lid. This spontaneous break-up shows us how the work is done. Instead of a general scabbard of leaves, afterwards subdivided into compartments by transverse partitions, the Megachile constructs a string of separate wallets, each of which is finished before the next is begun.

A structure of this sort needs a sheath to keep the

* Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos and copyright U.S.A. 1914 by Dodd, Mead & Co.

pieces in place while giving them the proper shape. The bag of leaves, in fact, as turned out by the worker, lacks stability; its numerous pieces, not glued together, but simply placed one after the other, come apart and give way as soon as they lose the support of the tunnel that keeps them united. Later, when it spins its cocoon, the larva infuses a little of its fluid silk into gaps and solders the pieces to one another, especially the inner ones, until the insecure bag becomes a solid casket.

The protective sheath, which is also a framework, is not the work of the mother. Like many other Wild Bees, the Megachiles do not understand the art of making themselves a home straight away: they want a borrowed lodging, which may vary considerably in character. The deserted galleries of the Burrowing Bees, the tunnels of the fat Earth-worms, the apartments bored in the trunks of trees by the larva of the Capricorn-beetle, the ruined dwellings of the Mason-bee of the Pebbles, the Snail-shell nests of the Three-horned Osmia-bee, reed-stumps, when these are handy, and crevices in the walls are all so many homes for the Leaf-cutters, who choose this or that establishment according to the tastes of their particular genus.

For the sake of clearness, let us cease generalising and direct our attention to a definite species. I first selected the White-girdled Leaf-cutter (*Megachile albocincta*), not on account of any exceptional peculiarities, but solely because this is the Bee most often mentioned in my notes. Her customary dwelling is the tunnel of an Earth-worm opening on some clay bank. Whether perpendicular or slanting, this tunnel runs down to an indefinite depth, where the climate would be too damp for the Bee. Besides, when the time comes for the hatching of the adult insect, its emergence would be fraught with peril if it had to climb up from a deep pit through crumbling rubbish. The Leaf-cutter, therefore, uses only the front portion of the Worm's gallery, seven or eight inches long at most. What is to be done with the rest of the tunnel? It is an ascending-shaft, tempting to an enemy; and some underground ravager might come up from the back and destroy the nest.

The danger is foreseen. Before fashioning her first honey-bag, the Bee blocks the passage with a strong barricade composed of the only materials used in the Leaf-

cutter's guild. Fragments of leaves are piled up in no particular order, but in sufficient quantities to make a serious obstacle. It is not unusual to find in the leafy rampart some dozens of pieces rolled into screws and fitting into one another like a stack of cylindrical wafers. For this work of fortification, artistic refinement seems superfluous; at any rate, the pieces of leaves are for the most part irregular. You can see that the insect has cut them out hurriedly, unmethodically and on a different pattern from that of the pieces intended for the cells.

I am struck with another detail in the barricade. Its constituents are taken from stout, thick, strong-veined leaves. I recognise young vine-leaves, pale-coloured and velvety; the leaves of the whitish rock-rose (*Cistus albidus*), lined with a hairy felt; those of the holm-oak, selected among the young and bristly ones; those of the hawthorn, smooth, but tough; those of the cultivated reed. In the construction of cells, on the other hand, I see smooth leaves predominating, notably those of the wild briar and of the common acacia, the robinia. It would appear, therefore, that the insect distinguishes between two kinds of materials, without being an absolute purist and sternly excluding any sort of blending. The very much indented leaves, whose projections can be completely removed with a dexterous snip of the scissors, generally furnish the various layers of the barricade; the little robinia-leaves, with their fine texture and their unbroken edges, are better suited to the more delicate work of the cells.

A rampart at the back of the Earth-worm's shaft is a wise precaution and the Leaf-cutter deserves all credit for it; only it is a pity for the Megachile's reputation that this protective barrier often protects nothing at all. My notes contain memoranda of various galleries crammed with pieces of leaves right up to the orifice, which is on a level with the ground, and entirely devoid of cells, even of an unfinished one. These were ridiculous fortifications of no use whatever; and yet the Bee treated the matter with the utmost seriousness and took infinite pains over her futile task. One of these uselessly barricaded galleries furnished me with some hundred pieces of leaves arranged like a stack of wafers; another gave me as many as a hundred and fifty. For the defence of a tenanted nest, two dozen and

even fewer are ample. Then what was the object of the Leaf-cutter's ridiculous pile?

I wish I could believe that, seeing that the place was dangerous, she made her heap bigger so that the rampart might be in proportion to the danger. Then, perhaps, at the moment of starting on the cells, she disappeared, blown out of her course by a gust of wind, the victim of an accident. But this line of defence is not admissible in the Megachile's case. The proof is palpable: the galleries aforesaid are barricaded up to the level of the ground; there is no room to lodge even a single egg. What was her object, I ask again, when she persisted in obstinately piling up her wafers? Has she really an object?

I do not hesitate to say no. The long and useless barricades belong to the last hours of the Megachile's life, when the eggs are all laid; the mother, whose ovaries are exhausted, persists in building. Her instinct is to cut out and heap up pieces of leaves; obeying this impulse, she cuts out and heaps up even when the supreme reason for this labour ceases. The eggs are no longer there, but some strength remains; and that strength is expended as the safety of the species demanded in the beginning. The wheels of action go on turning in the absence of the motives for action; they continue their movement as though by a sort of acquired velocity. What clearer proof can we have of the unconsciousness of the animal stimulated by instinct?

Let us return to the Leaf-cutter's work under normal conditions. Immediately after a protective barrier comes the row of cells, which vary considerably in number. Strings of about a dozen are rare; the most frequent consist of five or six. No less subject to variation is the number of pieces joined to make a cell: pieces of two kinds, some, the oval ones, forming the honey-pot; the others, the round ones, serving as a lid. I count, on an average, eight to ten pieces of the first kind. Though all cut on the pattern of an ellipse, they are not equal in dimensions and come under two categories. The larger, outside ones are each of them almost a third of the circumference and overlap one another slightly. Their lower end bends into a concave curve to form the bottom of the bag. Those inside, which are much smaller, increase the thickness of the sides and fill up the gaps left by the first.

The Leaf-cutter therefore is able to use her scissors according to the task before her: first, the large pieces, which help the work forward, but leave empty spaces; next, the small pieces, which fit into the defective portions. The bottom of the cell particularly comes in for after-touches. As the natural curve of the larger pieces is not enough to provide a cup without cracks in it, the Bee does not fail to improve the work with two or three small oval pieces applied to the imperfect joins.

Another advantage results from the snippets of unequal size. The three or four outer pieces, which are the first placed in position, being the longest of all, project beyond the mouth, whereas the next, being shorter, do not come quite up to it. A brim is thus obtained, a ledge on which the round discs of the lid rest and are thus prevented from touching the honey when the Bee presses them into a concave cover. In other words, at the mouth, the circumference comprises only one row of leaves; lower down, it takes two or three, thus restricting the diameter and securing an hermetic closing.

The cover of the pot consists solely of round pieces, very nearly alike and more or less numerous. Sometimes I find only two, sometimes I count as many as ten, closely stacked. At times, the diameter of these pieces is of an almost mathematical precision, so much so that the edges of the disc rest upon the ledge. No better result would be obtained had they been cut out with the aid of compasses. At times, again, the piece projects slightly beyond the mouth, so that, to enter, it has to be pressed down and curved cup-wise. There is no variation in the diameter of the first pieces placed in position, those nearest to the honey. They are all of the same size and thus form a flat cover which does not encroach on the cell and will not afterwards interfere with the larva, as a convex ceiling would. The subsequent discs, when the pile is numerous, are a little larger; they only fit the mouth by yielding to pressure and becoming concave. The Bee seems to make a point of this concavity, for it serves as a mould to receive the convex bottom of the next cell.

When the row of cells is finished, the task still remains of blocking up the entrance to the gallery with a safety-stopper. The Bee then returns to the free and easy

use of the scissors which we noticed at the beginning; she cuts out of the foliage irregular pieces of different shapes and sizes, often retaining their original deeply-indented margins; and with these pieces, very few of which fit at all closely the orifice to be blocked, she succeeds in making an inviolable door.

Let us leave the Leaf-cutter to finish depositing her eggs in other galleries, which will be colonised in the same manner, and consider for a moment her skill as a cutter. Her edifices consist of a multitude of fragments belonging to three categories: oval pieces for the sides of the cells; round pieces for the lids; and irregular pieces for the barricades at the front and back. The last present no difficulty: the Bee obtains them by removing from the leaf some projecting portion, a serrate lobe which, owing to its notches, shortens the insect's task and lends itself better to scissor-work. So far, there is nothing to deserve attention: it is unskilled labour, in which a mere apprentice might excel.

With the oval pieces, it becomes another matter. What model has the Megachile when cutting her neat ellipses out of the delicate material for her wallets, the robinia-leaves? What mental pattern guides her scissors? What system of measurement tells her the dimensions? One would like to picture the insect as a living pair of compasses, capable of tracing an elliptic curve by a certain natural inflexion of its body, even as our arm traces a circle by swinging from the shoulder. A blind mechanism, the mere outcome of its organisation, would alone be responsible for its geometry. This explanation would tempt me if the large oval pieces were not accompanied by much smaller ones, also oval, which are used to fill the empty spaces. A pair of compasses which changes its radius of its own accord and alters the curve according to the plan before it appears to me an instrument somewhat difficult to believe in. There must be something better than that. The circular pieces of the lid suggest it to us.

If, by the mere flexion inherent in her structure, the Leaf-cutter succeeds in cutting out ovals, how does she succeed in cutting out rounds? Can we admit the presence of other wheels in the machinery for the new pattern, so different in shape and size? Besides, the real point of the difficulty does not lie there. These rounds, for the most

part, fit the mouth of the jar with almost exact precision. When the cell is finished, the Bee flies hundreds of yards away to make the lid. She arrives at the leaf from which the disc is to be cut. What picture, what recollection has she of the pot to be covered? Why, none at all: she has never seen it; she does her work underground, in utter darkness! At the utmost, she can have the indications of touch: not actual indications, of course, for the pot is not there, but past indications, useless in a work of precision. And yet the disc to be cut out must have a fixed diameter: if it were too large, it would not go in; if too small, it would close badly, it would slip down on the honey and suffocate the egg. How shall it be given its correct dimensions without a pattern? The Bee does not hesitate for a moment. She cuts out her disc with the same celerity which she would display in detaching any shapeless lobe that might do for a stopper; and this disc, without further measurement, is of the size to fit the pot. Let whoso will explain this geometry, which to my mind is inexplicable, even if we allow for memory begotten of touch and sight.

One winter evening, as we were sitting round the fire, whose cheerful blaze unloosed our tongues, I put the problem of the Leaf-cutter to my family:

"Among your kitchen utensils," I said, "you have a pot in daily use; but it has lost its lid, which was knocked over and broken by the cat playing on the shelves. To-morrow is market-day, and one of you will be going to Orange to buy the week's provisions. Would she undertake, without a measure of any kind, with the sole aid of memory, which we would allow her to refresh before starting by a careful examination of the object, to bring back exactly what the pot wants, a lid neither too large nor too small, in short the same size as the top?"

It was admitted with one accord that nobody would accept such a commission without taking a measure with her, or at least a bit of string giving the width. Our memory for sizes is not accurate enough. She would come back from the town with something that "might do"; and it would be the merest chance if this turned out to be the right size.

Well, the Leaf-cutter is even less well-off than ourselves. She has no mental picture of her pot, because she

has never seen it; she is not able to pick and choose in the crockery-dealer's heap, which acts as something of a guide to our memory by comparison; she must, without hesitation, far away from her home, cut out a disc that fits the top of her jar. What is impossible to us is child's-play to her. Where we could not do without a measure of some kind, a bit of string, a pattern or a scrap of paper with figures upon it, the little Bee needs nothing at all. In housekeeping matters she is cleverer than we are.

One objection was raised. Was it not possible that the Bee, when at work on the shrub, should first cut a round piece of an approximate diameter, larger than that of the neck of the jar, and that afterwards, on returning home, she should gnaw away the superfluous part until the lid exactly fitted the pot? These alterations made with the model in front of her would explain everything.

That is perfectly true; but are there any alterations? To begin with, it seems to me hardly possible that the insect can go back to the cutting once the piece is detached from the leaf: it lacks the necessary support to gnaw the flimsy disc with any precision. A tailor would spoil his cloth if he had not the support of a table when cutting out the pieces for a coat. The Megachile's scissors, so difficult to wield on anything not firmly held, would do equally bad work.

Besides, I have better evidence than this for my refusal to believe in the existence of alterations when the Bee has the cell in front of her. The lid is composed of a pile of discs whose number sometimes reaches half a score. Now the bottom part of all these discs is the under surface of the leaf, which is paler and more strongly veined; the top part is the upper surface, which is smooth and greener. In other words, the insect places them in the position which they occupy when gathered. Let me explain. In order to cut out a piece, the Bee stands on the upper surface of the leaf. The piece detached is held in the feet and is therefore laid with its top surface against the insect's chest at the moment of departure. There is no possibility of its being turned over on the way. Consequently, the piece is laid as the Bee has just picked it, with the lower surface towards the inside of the cell and the upper surface towards the outside. If alterations were necessary to reduce the

lid to the diameter of the pot, the disc would be bound to get turned over: the piece, manipulated, set upright, turned round, tried this way and that, would, when finally laid in position, have its top or bottom surface inside, just as it happened to come. But this is exactly what does not take place. Therefore as the order of stacking never changes, the discs are cut, from the first clip of the scissors, with their proper dimensions. The insect excels us in practical geometry. I look upon the Leaf-cutter's pot and lid as an addition to the many other marvels of instinct that cannot be explained by mechanics; I submit it to the consideration of science; and I pass on.

The Silky Megachile (*Megachile sericans*) makes her nests in the old galleries of the Burrowing Bees. I know her to occupy another dwelling which is more elegant and affords a more roomy installation: I mean the old dwelling of the fat Capricorn, the denizen of the oaks. The metamorphosis is effected in a spacious chamber lined with soft felt. When the long-horned Beetle reaches the adult stage, he releases himself and emerges from the tree by following a vestibule which the larva's powerful tools have prepared beforehand. If the deserted cabin, owing to its position, remains wholesome and there is no sign of any running from its walls, it is soon visited by the Silky Megachile, who finds in it the most sumptuous of the apartments inhabited by the Leaf-cutters. It combines every condition of comfort: perfect safety, an even temperature, freedom from damp, ample room; and so the mother who is fortunate enough to become the possessor of such a lodging uses it entirely, vestibule and drawing-room alike. Accommodation is found for all her family of eggs; at least, I have nowhere seen nests so populous as here.

One of them provides me with seventeen cells, the highest number appearing in my census of the Megachile genus. Most of them are lodged in the nymphal chambers of the Capricorn; and, as the spacious recess is too wide for a single row, the cells are arranged in three parallel series. The remainder, in a single string, occupy the vestibule, which is completed and filled up by the terminal barricade. In the materials employed, hawthorn- and paliurus-leaves predominate. The pieces, both in the cells and in the fence, vary in size. It is true that the hawthorn-

leaves, with their deep indentations, do not lend themselves to the cutting of neat oval pieces. The insect seems to have detached each morsel without troubling overmuch about the shape of the piece, so long as it was big enough. Nor has it been very particular about arranging the pieces according to the nature of the leaf: after a few bits of paliurus come bits of vine and hawthorn; and these again are followed by bits of bramble and paliurus. The Bee has collected her pieces anyhow, taking a bit here and a bit there, just as her fancy dictated. Nevertheless, paliurus is the commonest, perhaps for economical reasons.

Split up into their component parts, two cells give me altogether eighty-three pieces of leaves, whereof eighteen are smaller than the others and of a round shape. The last-named come from the lids. If they average forty-two each, the seventeen cells of the nest represent seven hundred and fourteen pieces. These are not all: the nest ends, in the Capricorn's vestibule, with a stout barricade in which I count three hundred and fifty pieces. The total, therefore, amounts to one thousand and sixty-four. All those journeys and all that work with the scissors to furnish the deserted chamber of the Capricorn! If I did not know the Leaf-cutter's solitary and jealous disposition, I should attribute the huge structure to the collaboration of several mothers; but there is no question of communism in this case. One dauntless worker, and one alone, has produced the whole of the prodigious mass. If work is the best way of enjoying one's life, this one has certainly not been bored during the few weeks of her existence.

I gladly award her the most honourable of eulogies, that due to the industrious; and I also compliment her on her talent for closing the honey-pots. The pieces stacked into lids are round and have nothing to suggest those of which the cells and the final barricade are made. Excepting the first, those nearest the honey, they are perhaps cut a little less neatly than the discs of the White-girdled Megachile, but they stop the jar perfectly. When cutting them, the Bee was as sure of her scissors as a dress-maker guided by a pattern laid on the stuff; and yet she was cutting without a model, without having in front of her the mouth to be closed.

A less mysterious question than this geometrical problem

is that of the materials. Does each species of Megachile keep to a single plant, or has it a definite botanical domain wherein to exercise its liberty of choice? No, the insect is not restricted to one plant; and this fact is confirmed by an examination of the separate cells, piece by piece, when we find a variety which we were far from imagining at first. Here is the flora of the Megachiles in my neighbourhood, a very incomplete flora and doubtless capable of considerable amplification by future researches.

The Silky Megachile gathers the materials for her pots, her lids, and her barricades from the following plants: paliurus, hawthorn, vine, wild briar, bramble, holm-oak, amelanchier, terebinthus, sage-leaved rock-rose. The first three supply the greater part of the leaf-work; the last three are represented only by rare fragments.

The Hare-footed Megachile (*Megachile lagopoda*), whom I see very busy in my enclosure, though she only collects her materials there, exploits the lilac- and the rose-tree by preference. From time to time I see her also cutting bits out of the robinia, the quince-tree, and the cherry-tree. In the open country I have found her building with the leaves of the vine alone.

The Silvery Megachile (*Megachile argentata*), another of my guests, shares the taste of the aforesaid for the lilac and the rose, but her domain includes in addition the pomegranate-tree, the bramble, the vine, the common dog-wood, and the cornelian cherry.

The White-girdled Megachile likes the robinia, to which she adds, in lavish proportions, the vine, the rose, and the hawthorn, and sometimes, in moderation, the reed and the whitish-leaved rock-rose.

The Black-tipped Megachile (*Megachile apicalis*) has for her abode the cells of the Mason-bee of the Pebbles and the ruined nests of the Osmia-bees and Cotton-bees in the Snail-shells. I have not known her to use any other materials than the wild briar and the hawthorn.

Incomplete though it be, this list tells us that the Megachiles do not have exclusive botanical tastes. Each species manages extremely well with several plants differing greatly in appearance. The first condition to be fulfilled by the shrub exploited is that it be near the nest. Sparing of her time, the Leaf-cutter declines to go on

distant expeditions. Whenever I come upon a recent Megachile-nest, I am not long in finding in the neighbourhood, without much searching, the tree or shrub from which the Bee has cut her pieces.

Another important condition is that the leaf should be of a fine and supple texture, especially for the first discs used in the lid and for the pieces which form the lining of the vessel. The rest, less carefully executed, allows of coarser stuff being employed; but even then the piece must be flexible and lend itself to the cylindrical form of the tunnel. The leaves of the rock-rose, thick and roughly fluted, are unsatisfactory in this respect, for which reason I see them occurring only at very rare intervals. The insect has gathered pieces of them by mistake and, not finding them good to use, has ceased to visit the unprofitable shrub. The leaf of the holm-oak in its full maturity, which is stiffer still, is never employed: the Silky Megachile uses it only in the young state and then in moderation; she can get her velvety pieces better from the vine. In the lilac-bushes so zealously exploited before my eyes by the Hare-footed Megachile occur a medley of different shrubs, which, from their size and the lustre of their leaves, should apparently suit that sturdy pinker. They are the shrubby hare's-ear, the honeysuckle, the prickly butcher's-broom, the box. What magnificent discs ought to come from the hare's-ear and the honeysuckle! One could get an excellent piece, without further labour, by merely cutting the leaf-stalk of the box as the Silky Megachile does with her paliurus. The lilac-lover disdains them absolutely. Why? I fancy that she finds them too stiff. Would she think differently were the lilac-bush not there? Perhaps so.

In short, apart from the questions of texture and proximity to the nest, the Megachile's choice, it seems to me, must depend upon whether a particular shrub is plentiful or not. This would explain the lavish use of the vine, an object of widespread cultivation, and of the hawthorn and the wild briar, which form part of all our hedges.

If we had to believe what people tell us about the effects of heredity, which is said to hand down from generation to generation, ever more firmly established, the individual habits of those who come before, the Megachiles of these parts, experienced in the local flora by the long training

of centuries, but utter novices in the presence of plants which their race encounters for the first time, ought to refuse as suspicious any exotic leaves, especially when they have at hand plenty of the leaves made familiar by hereditary custom. The question was deserving of separate study.

Two subjects of my observations, the Hare-footed Megachile and the Silvery Megachile, both inmates of my open-air laboratory, gave me a definite answer. Knowing the spots frequented by the two Leaf-cutters, I planted in their work-yard, overgrown with briar and lilac, two outlandish plants which seemed to me to fulfil the required conditions of suppleness of texture, namely, the ailantus, a native of Japan, and the Virginian physostegia. Events justified the selection: both Bees exploited the foreign flora with the same assiduity as the local flora, passing from the lilac to the ailantus, from the briar to the physostegia, leaving the one, going back to the other, without drawing distinctions between the known and the unknown. Inveterate habit could not have given greater certainty, greater ease to their scissors.

The Silvery Megachile lent herself to an even more conclusive test. She readily makes her nest in an artificial reed-hive of my contriving; and I was therefore able, up to a certain point, to create a landscape for her and select its vegetation myself. I moved the reed-hive to a part of the garden stocked chiefly with rosemary, whose scanty foliage is not adapted for the Bee's work, and near the apparatus I arranged an exotic shrubbery in pots, including notably the smooth lopezia, from Mexico, and the long-fruited capsicum, an Indian annual. Finding close at hand the wherewithal to build her nest, the Leaf-cutter went no farther afield. The lopezia suited her especially, so much so that almost the whole nest was composed of it. The rest had been gathered from the capsicum.

Another recruit, whose co-operation I had in no way engineered, came spontaneously to offer me her evidence. This was the Feeble Megachile (*Megachile imbecilla*). Nearly a quarter of a century ago I saw her, all through the month of July, cutting out her rounds and ellipses at the expense of the petals of the *Pelargonium zonale*, the common geranium. Her perseverance devastated my modest array of pots. Hardly was a blossom out, when the

ardent Leaf-cutter would come and scallop it into crescents. The colour was indifferent to her: red, white, or pink, all the petals alike underwent the disastrous operation. I have not seen the unpleasant Bee since. With what does she build when there are no geranium-flowers handy? I do not know; but the fact remains that the fragile tailoress used to attack the foreign flower, a fairly recent acquisition from the Cape, as though all her race had never done anything else.

These details leave us with one obvious conclusion, which is contrary to our original ideas, based on the unvarying character of insect industry. In constructing their jars, the Leaf-cutters, each following the taste peculiar to her species, do not make use of this or that plant to the exclusion of the others; they have no definite flora, a domain faithfully transmitted by heredity. Their pieces of leaves vary according to the surrounding vegetation; they vary in different layers of the same cell. Everything suits them, exotic or native, rare or common, provided that the bit cut out be easy to employ. It is not the general aspect of the shrub, with its fragile or bushy branches, its large or small, green or grey, dull or glossy leaves, that guides the insect: such advanced botanical knowledge does not enter into the question at all. In the thicket selected the Megachile sees but one thing: leaves useful for her work.

These sudden and wholly unprovoked changes give cause for reflection. When my geranium-flowers were devastated, how had the obtrusive Bee, untroubled by the profound dissimilarity between the petals, snow-white here, bright scarlet there, how had she learnt her trade? Nothing tells us that she herself was not for the first time exploiting the plant from the Cape; and, if she really did have predecessors, the habit had not had time to become inveterate, considering the modern importation of the geranium. Where, again, did the Silvery Megachile, for whom I created an exotic shrubbery, make the acquaintance of the lopezia, which comes from Mexico? She certainly is making a first start. Never did her village or ours possess a stalk of that chilly denizen of the hot-house. She is making a first start; and behold her straightway a graduate, versed in the art of carving unfamiliar foliage.

People often talk of the long apprenticeships served by instinct, of its gradual acquirements, of its talents, the

laborious work of the ages. The Megachiles affirm the exact opposite. They tell me that the animal, though invariable in the essence of its art, is capable of innovation in the details; but at the same time they assure me that any such innovation is sudden and not gradual. Nothing prepares the innovations, nothing improves them or hands them down; otherwise a selection would long ago have been made amid the diversity of foliage; and the shrub recognised as the most serviceable, especially when also plentiful, would alone supply the building-materials needed. If heredity transmitted industrial discoveries, a Bee who thought of cutting her discs out of pomegranate-leaves and found them satisfactory, ought to have instilled a liking for similar materials into her descendants; and we should to-day find Leaf-cutters faithful to the pomegranate-tree, workers who remained exclusive in their choice of the raw material. The facts refute these theories. People also say:

"Grant us a variation, however small, in the insect's industry; and that variation, accentuated more and more, will produce a new race and finally a fixed species."

This trifling variation is the fulcrum for which Archimedes clamoured in order to lift the world with his system of levers. The Megachiles offer us one, and a very great one: the indefinite variation of their materials. What will the theorists' levers lift with this fulcrum? Why, nothing at all! Whether they cut the delicate petals of the geranium or the tough leaves of the lilac-bushes, the Leaf-cutters are and will be what they were.

British Music

By Joseph Holbrooke

I.

Of Prejudice

It seems a fitting time to say something about our native music. Many people accuse me of having an axe to grind, or "a bee in my bonnet," as the Scotch say, when I write on our musical conditions, but I notice it is very seldom that anyone can or even dares to contradict me! In some recent articles I more than proved that there is, in the British Isles, an ineradicable prejudice, an indefinable distrust and distaste by our countrymen (and, I fear, the women!) of their own composers of music, and their work; and it has often been my task to try to fathom the reason of this strong prejudice, so strong that no efforts have been spared to get the support of our audiences, in every branch of the art, be it oratorio, song, piano-playing, opera or choral, with the like result—in every part of the Islands a complete failure to interest our own people sufficiently to make them pay for it!

Thackeray, a penetrating writer, once wrote of us, the English, as a nation of snobs, and I wonder if this is to be always true! We certainly behave like snobs—when British musicians are on trial! It needs no proof of mine to draw attention to the fact that nearly every attempt in this country to give foreign art is a financial success, particularly opera, and where finance succeeds, the Press (which is very powerful and "free" in this country) give their whole-hearted support to any venture. Art here comes *behind* filthy lucre—not in front! Shall it be said, then, that all the foreign art, and artists, we have to listen to, or read about, are first-class, or even superior to our Bantocks, Elgars, Scotts, Gardiners, Williams, Bells, Boughtons, Quilters, Baintons, Smyths, etc.? I mention these names foremost because, whether we are interested or not

in their names, their work, or their success, they have, individually, done a great deal of work, and they are unmistakably sincere artists, ardent composers, many with original idioms.

Very many of the foreign artists I hear in England have the so-called "temperament" of the artist—in all cases they do their work with an appearance of artistry—and the stodgy or the shy native composer here has no such panoply (let us say) as broken English, long hair, or a dishevelled appearance, or an unknown ancestry! All these attributes are of much power in our strange land! Everywhere, and everyone, will find a foreign publication more artistically or more temptingly put before their gaze and their purses! A native publication, on the other hand, is nearly always common and plain, unadorned by colour, and very cheap in cost production, especially to the publisher! This has been so now for a great many years, and with the exception of Novello and Co., who do indulge sometimes in native artistic work (chiefly by Elgar), and whose general publications have a decent appearance—the rest of our wealthy publishers treat the music they get their profits by—like the public—very casually, a cheap plain paper cover suffices for them, which is worth very little, and causes no esteem. On the other hand, a song issued by Germany, France, Italy, or Russia (our pet idols!) is an artistic conception; nine times out of ten the paper is good, the printing stylish, and the contents nearly always superior. Now, this is not to say that our native work is inferior. Certainly not, for very little of our best work is known, still less is published; none of it is ever played more than once or twice a year, and when it is, it is mostly in manuscript, we cannot buy it even if we wanted to!—and it is greeted by a large and hostile Press, which promptly starts to dissect or over-praise it (their standard for native work is very high!), that it is small wonder why our music is in such a pickle, why it is *cheap*, why it has no public support, etc., or why the work of native men rarely survives!

That it does survive, and in some cases sturdily, shows that we are not such weaklings as we read, and if a proper and due respect of it is shown, I have no manner of doubt that the works which are bred here will be liked, and often played on their merits—not because they are British. I

never would wish that to happen, for French music suffers quite enough from praise from their own countrymen, as ours suffers from neglect!

The reason of this article is to try to point out that our work is very rarely fairly treated, and also that there is a very strong prejudice against our work, from the public point of view, from the publishers' point of view, and mainly caused, worst of all, by the critic's-musician's point of view, who is (and should be, if he is an honest critic) all powerful. That such prejudice ought to be crushed, and the works heard without mockery, will appeal, I hope, to all artists in Britain. I have no doubt that America suffers likewise, for I see by the list of musicians in power, in America, all practically are foreigners, and although America has little history yet in music, it certainly is not ever likely to have any if such observances are adhered to in their choice of conductors, let us say, for example.

America spends a great deal of money in music—all over Germany especially. The reward they get is to find their country over-run with aliens! Ours, being an older country with some sort of a history behind it (I don't say a great one—albeit the glee-writers were essentially British, and they are very fine works too; the Church, too, can boast of some very great writers) has not gone to the same extreme, yet; we have much to accomplish, however, before we can "toe the line," and every chance should be given us. Instead of which, I have to point out that whenever any serious attempt is made to bring our music a step further into our musical life—in fact, a living force instead of a fictitious one—then we find to our astonishment that the treatment is bad from the very beginning. No one will publish the music, hence one has to pay for the orchestral parts, or any other copy required—no one, most likely, will perform it if it is elaborate—and certainly no one would think of performing it except as a novelty first and foremost, which, I need not point out, is all wrong for its prosperity; and last of all, when you are lucky enough (or unlucky enough) to get it heard, the whole herd of parasitic critics settle upon it and breed unhealthy excitement at once, in which many germs exist! and these, disseminated broadcast, do their deadly work, and the public, the last judges of all and the most important for us, are hopelessly prejudiced before we have told our message, and it is hard

ever to get the work heard again. The critic, much abused, I admit, is not a person to be lightly despised. As Gordon Craig aptly points out, a critic to be of the use he is obviously meant for, should be carefully and well brought up in the nursery! then fed on nourishing diet, and the large brain (we hope he is born with) well drilled for judgment as the go-between of the public. He is not at present in any way capable in nine cases out of ten! He is an enemy to any new native thing. Tradition is his hobby and mediocrity his pleasure. He gets, further, a good deal of it, so he ought to be a clear judge even of mediocrity, but it is quite rational to say the new idiom is to him a matter of great anxiety, unless it is from abroad. He, the critic, has proved it by his history, and his deeds! He will very slowly welcome his native art. But on the Continent, either the artist is more common or the critic is more dishonest, for we eternally hear of the masterful supremacy of their workers! No doubt, in Germany alone, there is a profound depth of mediocrity in composition, and the Strausses are not common, but we hear very little of their mediocrity. On the other hand, our mediocrity abounds; it is constantly performed by an admiring Academy or Royal College. There is no public for it, and the Press do not care one jot for it, or, indeed, for superiority. All they want is "news"! A concert devoted to Elgar, Scott, or Bantock, receives as much serious attention (or not so much, to be correct) as a concert devoted to a few students patronised by the Palmer Fund "Selection Committee," which boasts of no good work, much waste of time, a great deal of snobbery, and over £27,000 capital! That is how we have to "proceed" in England!

I should here explain to the reader that the splendid gift of £27,000 was given by Mr. E. Palmer, of Reading, for encouraging all native art, to the Royal College of Music. It is a splendid tribute by a lover of music—but, alas! not one of the men I mention, the most representative in modern British music, have benefited in any way by this gift. Their works are hardly ever performed.

So one will see after many years of travail, on the part of a much abused public, there is really small wonder at their lack of interest. In my own case, while recognising the almost diabolic prejudice against our music in England,

I have had quite a lot of work performed, in fact, nearly the whole of it—and there is a great deal—and it is very difficult also, to perform well. But this is not the point. I came, with others, at a time when a "novelty" was wanted to fetch a jaded Press along! The "novelty" is still in demand for the same purpose! After a difficult and, let us say, first-class work has been performed with much pomp, it is buried! The interest here evaporates at once! The future performances have to take care of themselves, and there seems to be no one, in these days, to call attention to this evil, this weird side of our music life! Surely when a work stands out in merit, as in the symphonic poems of Strauss or Liszt or Bantock or Delius, or the symphonies by Sibelius or Elgar, surely these works should be again and again performed! Are all our orchestras indifferent to merit? Do they wish only to perform a work because it is "new"? Is there no judgment? What is being done at the present time by Mr. Thomas Beecham for Mr. Delius's works, should be done *for all our works.* It is useless, this one-man propaganda.

When a powerful Press like ours speaks well of any musical work, this should be a signal to give it again and again, for surely enough concerts are given! When I remember the reception of my symphony, "Les Hommages," at the Queen's Hall, years ago, by the public and the Press (it was hailed as a "masterpiece," a lugubrious word when used by a critic!) and most warmly cheered. Such opinions of my work I have never read before or since, but, despite this, *it was not performed ever again by the same orchestra or the same conductor, Sir Henry Wood!* They never played it again! This is not a solitary case. There is the case of Mr. Bowen's Symphony and Mr. Walford Davies's Symphony, and I do not suggest for an instant that these works are masterpieces, but when a native work is greeted here in such a marked fashion as to arrest even our public (our slow and discriminating people!), then I suggest the work be heard again and again, to further appreciation of the beauties unavoidably missed! This instance reminds me of the number of music publishers who wrote to me after this performance, solely on the notices they had read of the work, offering to publish this work, if it was performed again. Unfortunately for me, I could not promise them

this small satisfaction. The conductor had lost all interest in the work, I presume!

No wonder, then, that we are in such a flabby state, and our progress is slow. There are no Schumanns or Liszts in this country, to point out merit—the critics never do, unless they find it from the Continent. In England, *our musical men are quite indifferent to British music*, and our conductors, I am afraid, look upon our work solely as an exercise and a channel for "Press" attention. A "novelty" will bring a "Press man," is unfortunately their motto, and the victims of "novelty" production are my theme!

One often reads that the "old masters" never made this fuss for their work. They were only too delighted to write, in that was their chief pleasure, and the like! We live in a different age. The nascent Dukes who amused themselves with music and Haydn's toy symphonies, no longer exist. Instead, we have Socialists, Labour Leaders, Trade Unions, Bernard Shaw! Lloyd George! Winston Churchill! "Home Rule"! and a thousand other distractions, much more serious to us! Music should be with us a lovely thing, to be generously welcomed and generously supported. "First performances" are all very well, but they lead to nothing if not followed by other performances. At our musical festivals, works by marked men should only be included; instead, we have works by fiddlers, works by organists, works by aliens, and nearly all such works affecting the progress here not one jot. A clear waste of time, and I am very sad to have to relate it. Many of us hear our works once in every ten years, as in the case of Mr. Wallace's poem for orchestra, "Wallace," recently performed at the Philharmonic Society after many years' undeserved neglect.

In a very few words, I could say what the cure would be for all this, but it is nice to get all this trouble off my chest first! We really need, of course, *a publisher!*—A PUBLISHER, where is he? This would cure a tremendous lot of our evils. Not one publisher exists in England for good music. The richest country in the world!

Will any music lover in Britain put down £5,000 to publish, and perform, twenty first-class works by British composers, in the hope of a slow return of his money?

(To be continued.)

Man and Brute

By Grant Watson

Down the long white road that leads to Armadale a horseman cantered at a slow and regular pace. On either side of him stretched the limitless scrub of slender eucalyptus saplings. The green and pink leaves of the trees blended to a delicate mauve in the evening light. Overhead the sky flushed from crimson to orange-yellow as the sun sank behind the bleak and rugged contour of an upstanding hill.

Dr. Laurence was a man unused to the wild life of bush country. He had only lately come from Sydney, and he was always a little nervous of driving across open scrub after dark. To his unaccustomed eyes bush-tracks were difficult to follow at the best of times and now, when he turned off the road, he had to keep all his wits about him and not let his horse stray into the open spaces of the bush, which stretched out in grey glades and avenues on either side. Often he had to climb down from his seat and make sure of the track by the light of one of his side-lanterns. It was necessary here to go at a slow pace, for the ground was uneven and the way was often blocked by dead timber that lay rotting where it had fallen. At one time he was even minded to turn back, but being a kind-hearted and generous man, he pushed on in spite of difficulties. The thought of the disabled shepherd, solitary and suffering, kept him to his resolution.

For some distance he walked on, keeping always in sight of the line of trees on the left. Then he stood still and shouted. His voice sounded for a moment very resonant and strong in the night air. The sound died abruptly as if lost in the silence. He listened for an answering shout, but heard nothing. Perhaps he had kept too far out in the open. He struck in towards the trees, and walked half a mile further; again he shouted, but got no answer.

Again he walked on a short distance, then suddenly he saw the shepherd's hut quite close to him. He was surprised at finding it so close, and was alarmed that there should have been no answer to his call. He hurried forward, and as he approached saw that the door was standing ajar. He could see that inside the hut a light was burning. The silence, which at first had awed him, but which later had seemed invigorating and refreshing, was again touched with fear.

The small building, surrounded, as it was, by low bushes and the flat expanse of desolate plain, looked strangely insignificant. So small an evidence of man's energy in the face of Nature's greatness was, in the all-enfolding silence of the night, disheartening and almost pathetic. The doctor wondered what had happened in the last few hours in that tiny space—why had he received no answer to his call, which at that distance must have been clearly audible? Had he perhaps come too late? He hurried anxiously forward and laid his hand upon the door.

Five hours previously the horseman, who was to fetch relief to the sick man, had galloped away, and the old shepherd and his dog had looked at one another as they listened to the sound of his departing horse-hoofs. As their eyes met they were both conscious of their loneliness. The dog shifted his gaze uneasily and looked round the hut; it was a small protection indeed, a tiny island of man's foot-hold in the midst of the wide expanse of bush that stretched in all directions. On the ceiling of the hut numberless flies were crawling; others made a monotonous buzzing in the hot air. The shepherd lay still upon his bed, crippled by his sudden illness. After a while he stretched out his left hand, which he could still use, and rested it awkwardly upon the dog's head. "Rover," he muttered, "you'll stay with me. You'll stay with me till help comes. I'm ill, boy. Maybe I'm dying. I can't be left alone."

The dog thrust his nose into the man's hand and whined. Then he jumped up, putting his fore-paws on the bed, and licked at his master's face.

The man moved with difficulty to hold him off; then

groaned at a stab of pain. "Get down! get down!" he said gently.

For more than an hour the old shepherd lay still, and the dog rested his shaggy head against his hand. The light slowly died out of the sky, and the silence became complete as the flies gathered upon the walls and ceiling of the hut and ceased to buzz. The sick man lay awkwardly upon one side as if twisted by pain. Half his body was paralysed, and the features on the right side of his face were drawn and motionless. From time to time he would give a low groan, and the dog, as if understanding his master's distress, would thrust his nose forward and give a whine of sympathy.

When it became dark the shepherd, with some difficulty, managed to light the lantern that the horseman had placed by his bed. Then he reached for water, drank a little, and offered some to the dog, who licked intelligently and gently at the rim of the tumbler. Then, exhausted by this effort, the man lay back with a sigh. For a while he watched the flickering shadows that the lantern cast on wall and ceiling, and all the while he spoke incessantly to the dog. He repeated himself, saying over the same thing again and again. "You must stay with me, Rover. You must stay with me." He spoke quickly and incoherently, and, as he spoke, the muscles of the left side of his face moved nervously. To go on speaking had now become a necessity. The idea obsessed him that he must not be silent, for a new-awakened fear was pressing upon his heart. He felt one side of his tongue and mouth to be becoming stiff, and he found it difficult to articulate. What if he should lose the art of speech? That thought was terrible, and he babbled on, glad to assure himself that he still had the power of forming words. The dog beside him whined in reponse, and seemed to understand the fear which engendered that meaningless stream of sound. He jumped up and licked the man's face. The shepherd muttered incessantly, and watched the dog with eyes overflowing with tears. The dog, as if in an ecstasy of sympathy, raised himself and put his great paws on his master's chest. Then he howled, a long, sustained howl, expressive of all that sorrow which can witness the suffering of another, but does not know how to lessen or alleviate that suffering.

After that, there was silence in the hut, and the hours crept slowly by.

The man lay helpless, watching the great beast that loved him and suffered for him. Often their eyes met, but never for more than an instant, and then as if embarrassed and ashamed at his master's weakness the dog would look away, gaze uneasily into the corners of the hut, and then hurriedly glance back again. Then, as the shepherd watched his old friend and companion of many years, he saw a strange change come over him. He saw him stiffen his paws, saw the hair on his back rise up and bristle, and saw his lips twitch and the whites of his eyes roll and shine. He remembered how he had once before seen him like that. It was years ago, when the dog was young. They had been together on a hill-side, and there was mist rising from the valley. He had been sitting by his sheep, when the dog had suddenly bayed, and had stood in just such an attitude gazing out over the valley and growling. Step by step he had come back to his master, and then crouched against his legs, shivering with terror. That was the coming of fear. The two occasions were similar. Fear like a gust had struck the dog's heart, fear of the abnormal, fear, perhaps, of the hidden and inexorable cruelty of life. And the man, as he lay there helpless, understood and remembered, as he also became afraid. To both man and dog something malevolent had been revealed. Inside that small hut life had suddenly shown itself naked and ruthless. Outside, where the grey salt-bushes afforded cover to wallabies and night-birds; there, existence was still, no doubt, sane, was still covered by that opaque veil that blinds and deceives; but within those walls was madness, the madness of sudden understanding, the madness of fear.

The dog was now very still, he crouched close to his master, occasionally giving low growls. As the old shepherd watched him, he felt the presence of something uncanny and distasteful. Now that his body was powerless, his mind swarmed with disquieting recollections of his earlier life, and particularly he remembered an incident that had happened in the hot months of a dry-season. The bush was parched with thirst, and dead animals were a common sight. He had come one day upon a round mouse's nest which lay exposed among the withered grass.

On opening it he had found two starved mice. They were alive, but horribly thin; they moved their limbs slowly and senselessly, and on their fur were patches of the yellow eggs of flies. He remembered how he had killed them, and was horrified at his task. Now his dog reminded him of those mice. He remembered the pathetic savagery of their exposed yellow teeth.

Suddenly a cry sounded not very distant.

To the man it was a message of hope. Help was coming. This night-mare of terror and isolation might pass! He tried hard to articulate, to shout; but the cry that came from his lips was hardly audible. He tried to raise himself, but failed and fell back, his muscles twitching uncontrollably.

In one leap the dog was on his feet. And now he was rigid, each foot seemed stiffly rooted to the ground. His back was arched, the hairs bristling and upright. His teeth were bared. All his savagery and fear showed in his eyes. If in the close confines of the hut there had been engendered madness and fear, savagery now came to join them. The ugliness of brute ferocity stood hunched upon four legs, rooted to the earth, bristling with terror.

Another shout sounded, this time nearer; then light footsteps were to be heard approaching. The dog quivered through his whole body. His lips drawn back exposed the long canine teeth. The door creaked on its hinges, and was pushed slightly open. The doctor, fresh from all the mysterious beauty of a summer's night, stepped into the hut.

With stiff movements, like those of the starving mice, the dog arched himself, lowered his head and tail, and took short, cringing steps sideways and forward. Then, with a snarl of fear and rage, he leapt at the man's throat.

Dr. Laurence, who was for the moment slightly blinded by the lantern light, threw up his arm to guard his face and throat. The dog's jaws fastened above his wrist, and the strong teeth pressed their way through his coat and pierced the flesh. The first impact of the attack knocked him backwards, and he was pinned against the wall of the hut. The sudden shock scattered for a moment all his thoughts, and for just a small fraction of time he was bewildered and almost helpless beneath the weight of the

dog. The action of throwing up his arm to guard his throat had been instinctive rather than purposed. In the next instant, however, all his senses rallied to his support, and his mind was quick to take in the situation. The dog was, of course, guarding his sick master, and his attack was not one of ignoble savagery, but merely an over-zealous loyalty. The man's reason was able, even in the shock of those first few seconds, to take in the facts of the case. He could see that the shepherd was lying powerless on his bed, he could hear his hoarse and inarticulate whispers, and realised that the sick man could give no help, and that he must cope with the dog single-handed. He must struggle with him and throttle him off; and he would do so as humanely as possible, understanding as he did the loyal nature that prompted that mistaken savagery.

Steadying himself against the wall, he forced his adversary further from him and gripped at his shaggy throat with his left hand. He had to set his teeth hard against the pain which shot up his arm as the dog savagely shook his head from side to side. With great difficulty he struggled and fought his way across the room. His purpose was to get the dog against the wall and there throttle him from his hold. This was difficult to accomplish, as the great beast struck out with his fore-feet at the doctor's face. The man had to bend his head forward and duck it to one side, to avoid these swift, savage strokes. It was thus that his face came close to his enemy's. He saw the rolling whites of the dog's eyes, the bare pink gums, and the writhing lips. The intense savagery of that expression was in some way strangely familiar, and the light in the dog's eyes kindled the man's excitement, made his heart beat faster, and roused him to the highest animation of nervous force.

The doctor was by this time taking deep, short breaths through his nostrils, his lips were tight shut, and his teeth locked. He was beginning to get angry at the sharp wrenches of pain that shot up his arm, as the dog flung his weight from side to side. At length the man won his way to the opposite wall, and had his fingers strongly gripped about the beast's throat. In spite of the pain in his arm, he held it high, and thrust with all his force against the wall. He watched the eyes of the dog open and shut

in quick succession, and heard his breath come in long, irregular gasps. He felt the grip on his arm relaxing, but just when he thought he had the beast powerless, there was a sudden, spasmodic movement; the dog struck upwards with his hind legs, and with a quick jerk shook himself free. The doctor turned quickly to face him, and at the same time looked round for a weapon. He saw the shepherd's staff standing in a far corner. The dog at once anticipated his thought and leapt between. They faced each other wary and alert. The man's former attitude of calm deliberation had left him. His activities were now all involved in the fierce struggle for mastery. The eyes of both man and brute shone with anger, and the muscles of the man's face twitched. Behind him, he was vaguely conscious of the crippled shepherd blinking and inarticulate; round about him were the narrow walls of the hut which shut him in with that snarling grey devil. He stepped back towards the bed, hoping to lure the dog from his position, and thus be able to reach the shepherd's staff. In an instant the dog was upon him, this time leaping for his thigh. Again they locked, but the dog's hold was not so tenacious. He bit and leapt free. The man cursed at the pain and ran in, fiercely striking with his fists.

The shepherd, who lay helpless on his bed, watched with horror the progress of the fight. When at first he had seen the dog spring and the doctor ward off the attack, he had been filled with a pathetic and helpless distress. He was horrified that the man who had come those many miles to his aid should be thus outraged, and yet, though one word from him was all that was needed, he was helpless. He had struggled with all his failing powers to speak the necessary words, but all that he could do was to form an inarticulate and choking sound that seemed to urge the dog to keener fury. That the doctor had so calmly withstood the first attack had given him some assurance; but now as they faced each other, angry man and angry brute in that small space, his spirit was touched with a new fear, a fear that was even stronger than the dread of his growing helplessness. He felt despair at this sudden revelation of the untamed fierceness of life, a fierceness that could even stretch out and envelop man himself, could strip from him his reason, and could even turn to frenzied cruelty the calm

glance of his eye, and reveal the brute from which he was evolved.

The two creatures, that in the small, dimly-lighted room fought with such ferocity and cruelty, were strangely similar in their movements and expression. Savagery, an intense interest and even a delight in the struggle, showed in every pose of the body, in every nervous contraction of the face. In the numbing terror of his own infirmity, the shepherd saw that they gloried in, and enjoyed, the naked fierceness of the fight. While he had lain there helplessly watching, he had seen how the doctor's expression had changed from calm and manly determination to aroused though controlled anger, from anger to exasperation and rage; and then he had seen how rage had grown into the whining, hysterical joy of conflict.

Two brutes fought in that room beside the crippled man. Motives of loyalty, generosity, and mercy had prepared the way for the contest. Hidden and unsuspected forces, blind and cruel, had stripped first one, then the other of reason; and the mind, that had the knowledge and power to avert that loosing of the bestial, which lurks in all natures, was held ironically dumb. Man and dog, each in the grip of the mad excitement of killing, bit and struck at one another. Both were cunning at attack and parry. The dog, after the first furious onslaught, contented himself with sudden rushes, snapping bites, and quick retreats —the man tried always to drive his adversary to some corner, where, gripping at his throat he would be able to strangle him, crushing him with his greater weight. For what seemed an interminable time the dog was able to escape the swift, downward strokes of the man's fists or the sudden lift of his boots, and on each occasion that he sprang free he snapped fiercely at hands or legs, leaving the doctor bloody and torn, but in no way checked in that deliberate and relentless pursuit.

The shepherd's eyes, filled with his speechless fear, followed always the quick dash of onslaught and recovery. He had seen the human reason of the man's face shrink and become replaced by the passion of a brute. He was strangely affected by the sight; affected, too, by the knowledge that both of the combatants were now oblivious to his existence. He was cut off and alone; and all that was

left of human dignity and restraint had found refuge in his powerless body, and there hid in fear unable to show themselves.

With an effort of mind he could imagine the hushed stillness of the bush that he knew so well, which stretched, grey and tranquil, in all directions. He could picture the outside view of his own hut. How often had he seen it as a small, dark speck in the evening light? It had been full of pleasant associations and surrounded by recollections of comfortable evenings and hungry meals. But now within those walls raged a pandemonium of savagery and hate. They were filled by the abnormal, by such a ferocity that even beasts feared. For what beast of prey even does not look up full of shame after a savage act? It looks fearfully around and hurries away with its kill.

The sick man as he watched saw that a sudden change came over the fight, and instead of the quick movements from side to side, he could see that the doctor had caught the dog in a corner, had his hands at its throat, and was crushing it under his weight. The shepherd watched with horror the look on the man's face. Exuberant, triumphant beast was there written large. There was cruel joy, the joy of mastery, the joy of killing. He looked at the dog's face, and saw fear gleam in those fierce eyes. The eyes rolled from side to side, blinked horridly, and then, with a despairing glance, looked at him. In them there was an appeal for help; and in that despairing look he recognised his friend and companion of many days and nights. His dog, his friend, was there, helpless and dying. If he could speak he might wake the doctor from that horrid seizure of atrocious joy. If that were once broken, the man would see there was no need to kill—the dog was done, played out.

With all his ebbing strength the shepherd lifted himself on his left elbow, and with a desperate effort tried to shout. His heart seemed to be beating in his throat, so that no breath could come, his tongue clicked helplessly, his eyes rolled, and exhausted he fell back.

As the doctor's fingers tightened in that final grip, he understood for the first time in his life the joy of killing, the frank and shameless joy of the stronger which throttles what is weaker and less able to live—a sensation com-

pelling and primitive, that civilisation has done much to modify and disguise, but which now and then breaks forth and shows itself in all its crudity. It was with supreme elation that he saw fear and defeat creep into the dog's eyes, and not till long after the breath had ceased to be drawn through the expanded nostrils did he relinquish his hold on the shaggy throat. That passion of killing as it died down gave place to a sudden knowledge of the surrounding quietness. In spite of the hammering of his own blood in his ears and the short gasps of his own breath, he became conscious of a great stillness. And as the hammering became less insistent, the surrounding quiet seemed to creep in from the untamed, peaceful expanse of the bush. It invaded the small dimensions of the hut, and even seemed to force its way into his own brain. He loosed his grip and raised his hands to his face. The body of the dog fell back with a thud. The man muttered something under his breath about having done for the brute, and was surprised at the sound of his own voice. He looked round, again listening to the stillness. On the ground near the door he saw his bag of doctor's instruments. On the bed the shepherd lay very still. At that sight the doctor remembered the whole circumstance of his visit; how that the poor fellow had been paralysed, and he recollected with a shudder the look of agony in his eyes: that was when that damned brute had flown at him. He shakily rose to his feet and again looked round. His arms and even his body were much bitten, and he became conscious of pain. He sucked at his torn hands, then for a time was motionless, as if enchanted by the quiet of the night. He felt he must break that spell. Deliberately, and with conscious effort, he walked across to the bed where the sick man lay. The shepherd's eyes, filled with horror and despair, stared glassily into his own. The doctor, as if to protect himself from that glance, covered them quickly with his hand. They did not flinch at his sudden movement. Mechanically, as if compelled by long habit, he bent his head to the man's chest, listening for the heart beats. He could hear no sound. The silence of that desolate land was all-pervading.

My Superior Friend

By John Helston

It was towards late afternoon in mid November. A few gold leaves, that the wind had dried among the branches, fluttered earthward from the birch tops and lay still and pale upon the sodden bridle-path by which I had come. Nothing else stirred in the woods: for an hour I had not seen a soul, though from over the hills a frequent sound of bugles blowing had reached me in the valley.

The European tragedy had demoralised me in flesh and spirit. It had by turns stupefied and shaken me with an ague of such horror as had sent me at last to find relief in the flagging footsteps of the year, where death had chiefly and but lately been a lovely thing about the birch and hornbeam trees.

The first bend in the wood-way, that had hidden the open country behind me, shut off a world grown horrible to my mind with thoughts of unnatural and violent death. I have been in places where one walks in the blood of animals—a beastly sight. A few score miles from where I walked now, men were destroying each other with tools wrought to a diabolical precision for their trade of mechanical butchery, were bursting each other open with flying steel, were shattering each other's bones and nerves and sinews; blood was being shed which nourishes the highest organism of which we know. The birth-agony of a myriad mothers passed, in a sigh, over my head: the feet of countless children awakened the wind-piled leaves: I saw, as from an empty mirror, the frost-smoke of death fade out, and in its stead the kindling rays, pale and tremulous at first, then triumphant with life achieved, with truth made clear—in a host of human faces lit by a common sun of life I saw made manifest the truth of the soul. And all for this! . . . Voids again; then in my eyes and ears the bloodless strife of elements—lightnings played

about the earth; mountains of water rose and fell; in forest places I saw and heard great trees go down, the swaying and snapping of their limbs, the shouts that started from the depths of woods.

The south-west had been loudly awake all the previous night. Around me was the evidence of its revelry. Yet the place was calm enough now. Madness, I supposed, lurked, with a certain latency of mute passion, at the heart of all things. Some intolerable moment would come, and it would burst its silence and leap forth, suddenly lyrical with inordinate desires, to startle or infect the world. Often in woods, which were apparently sunk into their profound of December sleep, I had been left wondering at the meaning of some ecstatic thrush, who filled with song that most sombre and sinister of wildwood atmospheres, a winter thorn-brake. Now, as I had passed a brumous hollow, where young aspens wove with their slender limbs a cage that had often held my soul willing captive to the genius of the place, my mind had become sullen and rebellious, indifferent to the vague beauty of mist and boughs. This facinorous lust of aggressive pride, which had arisen in Europe like some monstrous spectre-bat whose eyes waxed and waned, luridly, darkly, with the evil madness in its gloating brain, had become for me the ghastly sponsor of a new Apollyon—a vampire thing rousing men from the quieter pulses of a peaceful life only that it might gorge in future on blood more to its own unholy taste and needs. It seemed to promise nought but mockery for such of us as had deemed we saw in the essential truths of man an energy potent to create a world of life which should outlive the brute's by virtues other than those of fang and claw.

In a last effort to throw off the nauseating shapes of Futility, which had dogged me in the shadow of my own egoism, as they had dogged me in my physical shadow even on cloudless days, I tried once more to find a solution of a situation that seemed to refute the truths of ethic and æsthetic for mere illusion. Egoism impels me to assert that, in so doing, I felt a belief in my own powers, as being superior to most men's. Candour constrains me to admit a sense of inferiority to the martial ardours of the common man. For the sake of this England I hoped there were few

of our race as unheroic as myself. I stood there dreaming in that quiet woodland, while men but half my age, and with life's chief joys still before them, got ready to end this war against war. To end war! Where? When? How? Was there any general sincerity in the mental outlook of mankind towards war? I began to rhyme:—

> O rather let us fight than think,
> Till bloody war shall cease to be!

Was it that the human soul shrank from expenditure of effort upon aught it could not test by the standards of tradition or materialism—feared to face aught but the obvious in life, even while it had the assurance to claim an immortality of spiritual experience and existence? Men who cheerfully faced the fact of annihilation in the flesh, did they not flee from thought of it in the abstract and all such thought connotes? The preposterous claims of spiritual coddlers, our mentors in religion, seemed now to announce once more their natural consequence, from the cannon's throat. Whether it was the crime of Christ or Odin, the victims came the more readily for Paradise or Valhalla, where extinction on earth was but the entry into transcendent things. Was life on earth so long that man must rob his neighbour of it or be robbed in turn? Because the absolute is a doubtful quantity, let us therefore refrain from a possibly unremunerative investment in the realms of thought, since only relative truth is practicable. But, "The Allies continue to advance in the Argonne," and men go home confident that they have the absolute under their arm for a halfpenny, as the result of a commercial transaction and thereby made tangible and holy.

Of all these young men who cheerfully went forth now to do battle to the death for their country, how many would do battle for her with their brains in time of peace? Yet this was a war of ideas, the Press proclaimed it so, the modern Titan—were it not forced to don the livery of servitude to a Capitalism that must advertise and praise itself or die. For by far the longer part of my life I had had the common man's habit of "thought." Now I saw him the victim of a caste system in its way as soulless, as grossly materialistic, ay, as responsible for war as are the

junkers of a Prussianised Germany. I am no warrior, and yet—if the vital essence of my life's working hours must pass through an office pen expressing no more than the will of a man only commercially my superior; if my skill of brain and eye and hand did but proclaim me a thing worth so much or so little an hour as market-men might deem sufficient for my body's needs, would not power over life and death, put into my hands, inspire me at the rifle's touch? How many chaps on manœuvres have wished it were "the real thing"?

At this juncture my thoughts went wide awhile, then they returned upon myself. I caught myself in a mental act of comparisons; and knew I would sooner be an artist than a hero; then I wondered if the converse would hold good with the majority of men, did they but understand what art might make of life. Why should I associate art and heroes? Out of vanity? From a disordered sense of perspective, due to my sudden and laborious climb into another world, that had left me a bit breathless and excited, no doubt? From a desire to excuse my own lack of martial, patriotic ardours? In a flash the problem had become impersonal. There was one thing, at least, common to artists and heroes. Both wanted a chance to give of the best that was in them. . . . I thought of Nietzsche's conception of it, that through art and the philsosophic interpretation thereof was a way of salvation for the world. The animadversions of jejune journalism on a great brain, which maybe broke itself in an heroic effort to reveal a civilisation wherein the shopman's substitute should not suffice to replace the lost dignity of man, seemed but the bickerings of stunted lives that must go short of food or toady to the smug optimism of mediocrity, to the requirements of a Press that must justify its existence commercially or perish. To me much of Nietzsche's thought was the untruth of a mind darkened by an excess of egoism; yet there was a lasting great light in the man, or I was a fool. Perhaps I was, perhaps all men were—befooled by an illusion into efforts to fit a spiritual meaning to life, in itself by nature meaningless of anything but the progeniture of sensation, the whole thing at bottom but a mere chemic process working riotously on certain planets for a while of æons and then fading out for ever. The

idea of millions of men, between whom was no spontaneous enmity, but between whom one could be fermented which might, ere it was departed, fill the earth with agony of men untimely dead, seemed at that moment too grotesque to have any ratio to reason whatsoever. It seemed to establish, once and for all, that Sensation was the chief and only concern of the Universe. . . .

I gave it up; and stood, chewing tobacco; watching, with a sort of objective interest, the brume rising from a patch of rushes, but with my mind otherwise as little concerned with abstract problems as if it had been merely waching the fumes rising from some big mild steel job in a lathe, with self-act in, and tool and slokum to my liking. . . .

Further on, the path crossed a narrow dingle, that had thickets on each side, brambles trailing on the spate of a rill that ran swiftly, singing, along the bottom. A large tree had fallen, gouging the trunk of another—the wounds, yards long, showed still raw down the bark. I seated myself on the fallen tree. Of a sudden, all sense of pain and trouble that still lingered about in me went out. I looked up. From the cool silver and grey and pale blue places of the sky there poured over me and into all that earthly place an extraordinary calm; into which the roots of the torn-up tree tapered away to vanishing point in a manner curiously suggestive of the end of things. The rhyming instinct awoke in me and began to hum its way feelingly, so to speak, along that stricken tree, from topmost buds to taproot, backwards and forwards, and from thence into the woods around. It had been a great night, a mad night, in the woods :—

> 'Favonian feet went late upon the leaves,
> While the whole woodland danced it with the stars.
> Sound broke and fled like fugitives.
> The wind that in the darkness gives
> To midnight a prophetic voice of rain
> Sang high or low, through all the closing bars,
> Fantasias of the Autumn-Death,
> That now was breathed about the place again.
> All night the place had music in its breath,
> From its own long delirium's echo flying,
> That in the brakes went mad while long a-dying.'

Facile, no doubt. But a salve, nevertheless, for myself, who of late had reached a stage when if I was not a poet,

I was in a fair way to become nothing better than an aching nerve, down which ten thousand tiny devils shod with saws went for hours, it seemed, on end. They went as though some aimless exile to a treeless land had left them with no hope but to blunt their feet in profitless diremptions of oncoming Time. The miles of woodland which were around me now had more to do with my sudden relief than may be fancifully suggested by the metaphor. Such places had often been for me, in the past, the haunt of things that seem to live without breath or blood, and yet which are more vital than most men, more beautiful than most women. I could not see any of these terribly beautiful ones about now, and gave up looking for them after a while. . . .

I had not heard him approach over the wet leaves. He had sat down on the trunk. Now he blew long clouds of fragrant smoke into the air before him. On his face were the beginnings of a smile. He has a certain grace about him which half fascinates and half exasperates the common man in me. To myself I call him, My Superior Friend. I had started when I saw him sitting silent there, and knew he had enjoyed, in his beastly selfish way, the start.

"Ah! We are losing our stolidity! We shall be an artist yet! Capable of subtle things. Beauty hidden from the mutton-brained, from the fat gaze of Mr. Burgess."

In a weak moment—when poetry was new to me, and friends, who would not sheer off at the word, few and far between—I had confided my hopes to him; gushingly, alas! I fancy he had tolerated my sentimentalities and ignorance, that he might have them to throw back at me. His only recreation is throwing things. The business of life for him is, according to his own formula, the justification of art and sensuous experience, by proving in his manner of life that he *can* appreciate them. Without appreciators, artists, he held, were merely desire like a disease. There are times when he acts emetically upon my consciousness, I dislike him so. However, on the whole, I have found him, medicinally at least, a drug less harmful than are many of honoured place in the brass-bound pharmacopœias of Convention. Were he but a quack salve I should have found him out ere now, and that I have so far failed to do. I have "taken him," or tried to, often

enough. He is so cynical at times, I have fancied his begetting had to do with harlotry in some shrinal atmosphere of martyred dust, some temple whose God was impotent to rebuke the liver of a furtively licentious churchwarden skilled in skeleton keys. I have heard him, My Superior Friend, praise Wordsworth with a deep discerning praise that rolled the harmonies of enthusiasm in my ears: then suddenly he has filled them with such subtle devilries as might some Cockney urchin work with a greasy pencil upon that quiet slate at Grasmere. Once I spoke to him of Masefield. "That splendid salvationist, blowing in a sunset to the elect of Gloucester Road!" he said; and speculated as to whether Christ appeared clean-shaven to young ladies on the Underground.

I had sat staring at him while he bantered me between puffs from his cigarette. Now I got up, half angrily, and began to pace about. I felt he was in one of his most superior moods. I had been drawing words from the heart of a wet woodland while other men were drawing blood from the heart of our most ruthless foe. I had even found comfort in it—when there was no one by. My Superior Friend would excuse, with æsthetic sophistries, the cowardice in it, but only to bring it out the more clearly *as* cowardice, on the chance of enjoying a pinch of emotional snuff at my expense. He had such a nose for these things, I was ready to believe that by it he had even tracked me to that very spot.

"I passed some of your heroes in this war of ideas, a mile or two back," he went on. "They were singing, in their own most egregiously cheerful fashion, *Have a banana!* They——"

"Are a bloody sight better men than you or me!" I snarled at him, thinking to choke him off the war.

His voice "stroked at" me. "Apart from being a vulgar *cliché* of speech, *that*," he said, "is a mere sentimental untruth, my dear man—a thing as fatal to art in literature as to art in life. If they *have* the hearts of lions on occasion, one must admit that on most occasions they have the heads of sheep. The best that could happen for the future peace of the world would be for the war to end without any other result. It would be a concrete example of such magnitude that even the mob mind could not miss

or forget the significance of it. If the might of right as exemplified by Britain, France, Russia, Japan, et cetera, cannot destroy the right of might as per Germany and Co., it may even make the whole world reconsider its conceptions of all other might and right which must have resort to high explosives to justify themselves. Our sense of values in these things has become only another term for confusion."

He finished on a sigh; but I felt the selfish devil was more concerned that his own exquisite soul should not be offended by such banality as he had lately heard, than that wars should cease to be.

At his last word I turned away from him and stood staring at the stilly tree-tops, that made a dark mist now against the failing light. Next he called to me from the far side of the dingle; and I was glad he was going.

"Can you see it?"

"See what?" I answered shortly.

"Patriotism! Like a parochially-minded ape, dropping shibboleths that set the highest animals of a common planet at each other's throats!"

I did not reply to that, but turned to look at *him*. It was too dark for me to see his smile, but I knew he waved his hand affectionately ere he disappeared.

I sat on the fallen tree, stupidly, chewing tobacco, confusion come back into every corner of my mind. When the stars came out clearly, I went quietly away.

THE WAR OF LIBERATION

The Peace of the World

By H. G. Wells

§ 1.

Probably there has never been before in the whole past of mankind so many people convinced of the dreadfulness of war, nor so large a proportion anxious to end war, to rearrange the world's affairs so that this huge hideousness of hardship, suffering, destruction, and killing that still continues in Europe may never again be repeated. The present writer is one of this great majority. He wants as far as possible to end war altogether, and to contrive things so that when any unavoidable outbreak does occur, it may be as little cruel and mischievous as it can be. But it is one thing to desire a thing and another thing to get it. It does not follow because this aspiration for world-peace is almost universal that it will be realised. There may be faults in ourselves, unsuspected influences within us and without, that may be working to defeat our superficial sentiments. There must be not only a desire for peace, but a will for peace if peace is to be established for ever. If out of a hundred men ninety-nine desire peace and trouble no further, the one man over will arm himself and set up oppression and war again. Peace must be organised and maintained. This present monstrous catastrophe is the outcome of forty-three years of skilful, industrious, systematic world armament. Only by a disarmament as systematic as skilful and as devoted may we hope to achieve centuries of peace.

No apology is needed, therefore, for a discussion of the way in which peace may be organised and established out of the settlement of this war. I am going to set out and estimate as carefully as I can the forces that make for

a peace organisation and the forces that make for war. I am going to do my best to diagnose the war disorder. I want to find out first for my own guidance, and then with a view to my co-operation with other people, what has to be done to prevent the continuation and recrudescence of warfare. Such an inquiry is manifestly the necessary first stage in any world pacification. So manifestly so that, of course, countless others are also setting to work upon it. It is a research. It is a research exactly like a scientific exploration. Each of us will probably get out a lot of truth and a considerable amount of error; the truth will be the same, and the errors will confute and disperse each other. But it is clear that there is no simple panacea in this matter, and that only by intentness and persistence shall we disentangle a general conception of the road the peace-desiring multitude must follow.

Now first be it noted that there is in everyone a certain discord with regard to war. Every man is divided against himself. On the whole, most of us want peace. But hardly anyone is without a lurking belligerence, a lurking admiration for the vivid impacts, the imaginative appeals of war. I am sitting down to write for the peace of the world, but immediately before I sat down to write I was reading the morning's paper, and particularly of the fight between the *Sydney* and the *Emden* at Cocos Island. I confess to the utmost satisfaction in the account of the smashing blows delivered by the guns of the Australian. There is a sensation of greatness, a beautiful tremendousness, in many of the crude facts of war, they excite in one a kind of vigorous exaltation; we have this destructive streak in us, and it is no good pretending that we have not; the first thing we must do for the peace of the world is to control that. And to control it one can do nothing more effectual than to keep in mind the other side of the realities of war. As my own corrective I have at hand certain letters from a very able woman doctor, who returned recently from Calais. Lockjaw, gangrene, men tied with filthy rags and lying bitterly cold in coaly sheds; men unwounded, but so broken by the chill horrors of the Yser trenches as to be near demented; such things make the substance of her picture. One young officer talked to her rather drily of the operations, of the ruined towns and

villages, of the stench of dead men and horses, of the losses and wounds and mutilations among his men, of the list of pals he had lost. "Suddenly he began to cry. He broke down just like an overtaxed child. And he could not stop crying. He cried and cried and I could do nothing to help him." He was a strong man and a brave man, and to that three months of war had brought him.

And then this again:—

"There were a fair number of Belgian doctors, but no nurses except the usual untrained French girls, almost no equipment, and no place for clean surgery. We heard of a house containing sixty-one men with no doctor or nurses—several died without having received any medical aid at all. Mrs. —— and I even on the following Wednesday found four men lying on straw in a shop with leg and foot wounds, who had not been dressed since the Friday and had never been seen by a doctor. In addition there were hundreds and hundreds of wounded who could walk, trying to find shelter in some corner, besides the many unwounded French and Belgian soldiers quartered in the town.

"As if this inferno of misery were not enough, there were added the refugees! These were not Belgians, as I had imagined, but French. It appears that both English and French armies have to clear the civil population out of the whole fighting area, partly to prevent spying and treachery (which has been a curse to both armies), and partly because they would starve. They are sent to Calais and then by boat to Havre. That first Sunday evening an endless procession flowed from the station to the Quays in the drenching rain. Each family had a perambulator (a surprisingly handsome one, too) filled with sticks of bread, a few bundles of goods, and, when one peered inside, a couple of crying babies. There were few young people, mostly it was whimpering, frightened-looking children and wretched, bent old men and women. It seemed too bad to be true, even when they brushed past us in the rain, we could not believe that their sodden figures were real. They were dematerialised by misery in some odd way. Some of them slept in skating-rinks, trucks, some in the *Amiral Ganteaume* * (one's senses could not

* The *Amiral Ganteaume* was destroyed by a German submarine.

realise that to the horrors of exile these people had added those of ship-wreck next day); some certainly stood in the booking hall outside our hotel all night through. This sort of thing went on all the week, and was going on when we left."

Nevertheless, I was stirred agreeably by the imagination of the shells smashing the *Emden* and the men inside the *Emden*, and when I read the other day that the naval guns had destroyed over four thousand men in the German trenches about Middelkirk, I remarked that we were "doing well." It is only *on the whole* that we who want to end war hate and condemn war; we are constantly lapsing into fierceness, and if we forget this lurking bellicosity and admiration for hard blows in our own nature, then we shall set about the task of making an end to it under hopelessly disabling misconceptions. We shall underrate and misunderstand altogether the very powerful forces that are against pacifist effort.

Let us then consider first the forces that are directly opposed to the pacification of the world, the forces that will work openly and definitely for the preservation of war as a human condition. And it has to be remembered that the forces that are *for* a thing are almost always more unified, more concentrated and effective than the forces that are against it. We who are against war and want to stop it are against it for a great multitude of reasons. There are other things in life that we prefer, and war stops these other things. Some of us want to pursue art; some want to live industrious lives in town or country; some would pursue scientific developments; some want pleasures of this sort or that; some would live lives of religion and kindliness, or religion and austerity. But we all agree in fixing our minds upon something else than war. And since we fix our minds on other things, war becomes possible and probable through our general inattention. We do not observe it, and meanwhile the people who really care for war and soldiering fix their minds upon it. They scheme how it shall be done, they scheme to bring it about. Then we discover suddenly, as the art and social development, the industry and pleasant living, the cultivation of the civil enterprise of England, France, Germany, and Russia have discovered, that everything must be pushed aside when

the war thinkers have decided upon their game. And until we of the pacific majority contrive some satisfactory organisation to watch the war makers we shall never end war, any more than a country can end crime and robbery without a police. Specialist must watch specialist in either case. Mere expressions of a virtuous abhorrence of war will never end war until the crack of doom.

The people who actually want war are perhaps never at any time very numerous. Most people sometimes want war, and a few people always want war. It is these last who are, so to speak, the living nucleus of the war creature that we want to destroy. That liking for an effective smash which gleamed out in me for a moment when I heard of the naval guns, is with them a dominating motive. It is not outweighed and overcome in them as it is in me by the sense of waste, and by pity and horror, and by love for men who can do brave deeds and yet weep bitterly for the misery and the deaths of good friends. These war-lovers are creatures of a simpler constitution. And they seem capable of an ampler hate. You will discover, if you talk to them skilfully, that they hold that war "ennobles," and that when they say ennobles they mean that it is destructive to the ten thousand things in life that they do not enjoy or understand or tolerate, things that fill them, therefore, with envy and perplexity—such things as pleasure, beauty, delicacy, leisure. In the cant of modern talk you will find them call everything that is not crude and forcible in life "degenerate." And going back to the very earliest writings, in the most bloodthirsty outpourings of the Hebrew prophets for example, you will find that at the base of the warrior spirit is hate for more complicated, for more refined, for more beautiful and happier living. The military peoples of the world have almost always been harsh and rather stupid peoples, full of a virtuous indignation at all they did not understand. The modern Prussian goes to war to-day with as supreme a sense of moral superiority as the Arabs when they swept down upon Egypt and North Africa. The burning of the library of Alexandria remains for ever the symbol of the triumph of a militarist "culture" over civilisation. This easy belief of the dull and violent that war "braces" comes out of a real instinct of self-preservation, against the subtler tests of peace. This type

of person will keep on with war if it can. It is to politics what the criminal type is to social order; it will be resentful and hostile to every attempt to fix up a pacific order in the world.

This heavy envy which is the dominant characteristic of the pro-military type is by no means confined to it. More or less it is in all of us. In England one finds it far less frequently in professional soldiers than among sedentary learned men. Our fiercest anti-Germans are young men not in khaki. In Germany, too, the more uncompromising and ferocious pro-militarism is to be found in the frock-coats of the professors. Just at present England is full of virtuous reprehension of German military professors, but there is really no monopoly of such in Germany, and before Germany England produced some of the most perfect specimens of aggressive militarist conceivable. To read Froude upon Ireland or Carlyle upon the Franco-German War is to savour this hate-dripping temperament in its perfection. Much of this literary bellicosity is pathological. Men overmuch in studies and universities get ill in their livers and sluggish in their circulations; they suffer from shyness, from a persuasion of excessive and neglected merit, old maid's melancholy, and a detestation of all the levities of life. And their suffering finds this vent in savage thoughts. A vigorous daily bath, a complete stoppage of wine, beer, spirits, and tobacco, and two hours of hockey in the afternoon would probably make decently tolerant men of all these fermenting professional militarists. Such a regimen would certainly have been the salvation of both Froude and Carlyle. It would probably have saved the world from the vituperation of the Hebrew prophets—those models for infinite mischief. . . .

The extremist cases pass to the average case through insensible degrees. We are all, probably, as a species, a little too prone to intolerance, and if we do in all sincerity mean to end war in the world, we must prepare ourselves for considerable exercises in restraint, when strange people look, behave, believe, and live in a manner different from our own. This minority of permanently bitter souls who want to see objectionable cities burning and men fleeing and dying, form the real strength behind our occasional

complicities. The world has had its latest object-lesson in the German abuse of English and French as "degenerates," of the Russians as "Mongol hordes," of the Japanese as "yellow savages," but it is not only Germans who let themselves slip into national vanity and these ugly hostilities to unfamiliar life. The first line of attack against war must be an attack upon self-righteousness and intolerance. These things are the germ of uncompromising and incurable militarism everywhere.

Now, the attack upon self-righteousness and intolerance and the stern, self-satisfied militarism that arises naturally out of these things is to be made in a number of ways. The first is a sedulous propaganda of the truth about war, a steadfast resolve to keep the pain of warfare alive in the nerves of the careless, to keep the stench of war under the else indifferent nose. It is only in the study of the gloomily megalomaniac historian that aggressive war becomes a large and glorious thing. In reality it is a filthy outrage upon life, an idiot's smashing of the furniture of homes, a mangling, a malignant mischief, a scalding of stokers, a disembowelling of gunners, a raping of caught women by drunken soldiers. By book and pamphlet, by picture and cinematograph film, the pacifist must organise wisdom in these matters. And not only indignation and distress must come to this task. The stern, uncompromising militarist will not be moved from his determinations by our horror and hostility. These things will but "brace" him. He has a more vulnerable side. The ultimate lethal weapon for every form of stupidity is ridicule, and against the high silliness of the militarist it is particularly effective. It is the laughter of wholesome men that will finally end war. The stern, strong, silent man will only cease to trouble us when we have stripped him of his last rag of pretension and touched through to the quick of his vanity with the realisation of his apprehended foolishness. Literature will have failed humanity if it is so blinded by the monstrous agony in Flanders as to miss the essential triviality at the head of the present war. Not the slaughter of ten million men can make the quality of the German Kaiser other than theatrical and silly. The man is a vulgar fool. We shall lose the meaning of the war altogether if we do not picture for ourselves and posterity

the fluctuating absurdity of German monarchy, the foolish figure of the Crown Prince filching snuff-boxes and ikons from French châteaux, when all Germany was bleeding to death to make him the Cæsar of a new World Empire. The greater part of the world is in an agony, a fever, but that does not make the cause of that fever noble or great. A man may die of yellow fever through the bite of a mosquito; that does not make a mosquito anything more than a dirty little insect, or an aggressive imperialist better than a pothouse lout.

Henceforth we must recognise no heroic war but defensive war, and as the only honourable warriors such men as those peasants of Visé who went out with shot-guns against the multitudinous, overwhelming nuisance of invasion that trampled down their fields. . . .

Or war to aid such defensive war. . . .

§ 2.

But the people who positively admire and advocate and want war for its own sake are only a small feverish minority of mankind. The greater obstacle to the pacification of the world is not the war-seeker, but the vast masses of people who for the most various motives support and maintain all kinds of institutions and separations that make for war. They do not want war, they do not like war, but they will not make sacrifices, they will not exert themselves in any way to make war difficult or impossible. It is they who give the war maniac his opportunity. They will not lock the gun away from him, they will not put a reasonable limit to the disputes into which he can ultimately thrust his violent substitute for a solution. They are like the people who dread and detest yellow fever, but oppose that putting of petrol on the ponds which is necessary to prevent it, because of the injury to the water flowers.

Now it is necessary, if we are to have an intelligently directed anti-war campaign, that we should make a clear, sound classification of these half-hearted people, these people who do not want war but who permit it. Their indecisions, their vagueness—these are the really effective barriers to our desire to end war for ever.

And first, there is one thing very obvious, and that is the necessity for some controlling world authority if treaties are to be respected and war abolished. While there are numerous sovereign States in the world each absolutely free to do what it chooses, to arm its people and repudiate engagements, there can be no sure peace. But great multitudes of those who sincerely desire peace for ever cannot realise this. There are, for example, many old-fashioned English Liberals who denounce militarism and "treaty entanglements" with equal ardour; they want Britain to stand alone unaggressive, but free, not realising that such an isolation is the surest encouragement to any war-enamoured Power. Exactly the same type is to be found in the United States and is probably even more influential there. But only by so spinning a web of treaties that all countries are linked by general obligations to mutual protection, can a real world-pacification be achieved. The present Alliance against the insufferable militarism of Germany may very probably be the precursor of a much wider Alliance against any aggression whatever in the future. Only through some such arrangement is there any reasonable hope of a control and cessation of that constant international bickering and pressure, that rivalry in finance, that competition for influence in weak neutral countries, which has initiated all the struggles of the last century, and which is bound to accumulate tensions for fresh wars so long as it goes on.

Already several States, and particularly the Government of the United States of America, have signed treaties of arbitration, and the Hague Tribunal spins a first web of obligations, exemplary if gossamer, between the countries of the world. But these are but the faint initial suggestions of much greater possibilities, and it is these greater possibilities that have now to be realised if all the talk we have had about a war to end war is to bear any fruit. What is now, with each week of the present struggle, becoming more practicable is the setting up of a new assembly that will take the place of the various embassies and diplomatic organisations of a mediæval pattern and tradition, which have hitherto conducted international affairs. This war must end in a public settlement, to which all the belligerents will set their hands; it will not be a bundle

of treaties, but one treaty binding eight or nine or more Powers. This settlement will almost certainly be attained at a Conference of Representatives of the various Foreign Offices involved. Quite possibly, interested neutral Powers will also send representatives. There is no reason whatever why this Conference should dissolve; why it should not become a permanent Conference upon the inter-relations of the participating Powers and the maintenance of the peace of the world. It could have a seat, and officials, a staff, and a revenue of its own; it could sit and debate openly, publish the generally binding treaties between its constituent Powers, and claim for the support of its decisions their military and naval resources. The predominance of the greater Powers could be secured either by the representatives having multiple votes according to the population represented, or by some sort of proportional representation. Each Power could appoint its representatives through its foreign office, or by whatever other means it thought fit. They could as conveniently be elected by a legislature as a nation. And such a body would not only be of enormous authority in the statement, interpretation, and enforcement of treaties, but it could also discharge a hundred useful functions in relation to world hygiene, international trade and travel, the control of the ocean, the exploration and conservation of the world's supplies of raw material and food supply. It would be, in fact, a World Council. To-day this is an entirely practicable and hopeful proposal, if only we can overcome the opposition of those who cling to the belief that it is possible for a country to be at the same time entirely pacific and entirely irresponsible to and detached from the rest of mankind.

Given such a body, such a great alliance of world Powers, much else in the direction of world pacification becomes possible. Without it, we may perhaps expect a certain benefit from the improved good feeling of mankind and the salutary overthrow of the German military culture, but we cannot hope for any real organised establishment of peace. . . .

I believe that a powerful support for the assembly and continuance of such a World Congress as this could be easily and rapidly developed in North and South America, in Britain and the British Empire generally, in France and

Italy, in all the smaller States of northern, central, and western Europe; it would probably have the personal support of the Tsar, unless he has profoundly changed the opinions with which he opened his reign, it would have the warm accordance of educated China and Japan and the good will of a renascent Germany. It would open a new era for mankind.

§ 3.

Now this idea of a Congress of the belligerents to arrange the peace settlement after this war, expanding by the accession of neutral Powers into a permanent World Congress for the enforcement of international law and the maintenance of the peace of mankind, is so reasonable and attractive and desirable that if it were properly explained it would probably receive the support of nineteen out of every twenty intelligent persons. Nevertheless, its realisation is on the whole improbable. A mere universal disgust with war is no more likely to end war than the universal dislike for dying has ended death. And though war, unlike dying, seems to be an avoidable fate, it does not follow that its present extreme unpopularity will end it, unless people not only desire but see to the accomplishment of their desire.

And here, again, one is likely to meet an active and influential opposition. Though the general will and welfare may point to the future management of international relations through a World Congress, the whole mass of those whose business has been the direction of international relations is likely to be either sceptical or actively hostile to such an experiment. All the Foreign Offices and foreign Ministers, the diplomatists universally, the politicians who have specialised in national assertion, and the courts that have symbolised and embodied it; all the people, in fact, who will be in control of the settlement, are likely to be against so revolutionary a change. For it would be an entirely revolutionary change. It would put an end to secrecy. It would end all that is usually understood by diplomacy. It would clear the world altogether of those private understandings and provisional secret agreements; those intrigues, wire-pullings, and quasi-financial opera-

tions that have been the very substance of international relations hitherto. To these able and interested people, for the most part highly seasoned by the present conditions, finished and elaborated players at the old game, this is to propose a new, crude, difficult, and unsympathetic game. They may all of them, or most of them, hate war, but they will cling to the belief that their method of operating may now, after a new settlement, be able to prevent or palliate war. All men get set in a way of living, and it is as little in human nature to give up cheerfully in the middle of life a familiar method of dealing with things in favour of a new and untried one, as it is to change one's language or emigrate to an entirely different land. I realise what this proposal means to diplomatists when I try to suppose myself invited to assist in the abolition of written books and journalism in favour of the gramophone and the cinematograph. Or invited to adopt German as my means of expression. It is only by an enormous pressure of opinion in the world behind these monarchs, ministers, and representatives that they will be induced even to consider the possibility of adapting themselves to this novel style of international dealing through a permanent Congress. It is only the consideration of its enormous hopefulness for the rest of the world that gives one the courage to advocate it.

In the question of the possible abolition of the present diplomatic system, just as in the case of the possible abolition of war, while on the side for abolition there must be a hugely preponderating interest and a hugely preponderating majority, it is nevertheless a dispersed interest and an unorganised, miscellaneous majority. The minority is, on the other hand, compact, more intensely and more immediately interested and able to resist such great changes with a maximum of efficiency. There is a tremendous need, therefore, for a World Congress organisation and propaganda, if this advantageously posted minority is to be overcome. And from such countries as the American States in particular, and from the small Liberal neutrals in Europe, whose diplomacy is least developed and least influential, liberal-minded people through the world are most disposed to expect, and do expect, a lead in this particular matter. The Liberal forces in Britain, France, and Russia are extraordinarily embarrassed and enslaved

by the vast belligerent necessities into which their lives have been caught. But they would take up such a lead with the utmost vigour and enthusiasm.

No one who has followed the diplomatic history of the negotiations that led to this war can doubt that if there had been no secret treaties, but instead open proclamations of intention and an open discussion of international ambitions, the world might have been saved this catastrophe. It is no condemnation of any person or country to say this. The reserves and hesitations and misconceptions that led Germany to suppose that England would wait patiently while France and Belgium were destroyed before she herself received attention, were unavoidable under the existing diplomatic conditions. What reasonable people have to do now is not to recriminate over the details in the working of a system that we can now all of us perceive to be hopelessly bad, but to do our utmost in this season of opportunity to destroy the obscurities in which fresh mischief may fester for our children.

Let me restate this section in slightly different words. At the end of this war there must be a congress of adjustment. The suggestion in this section is to make this congress permanent, to use it as a clearing-house of international relationships, and to *abolish embassies*. Instead of there being a British ambassador, for example, at every sufficiently important capital, and an ambassador from every important State in London, and a complex tangle of relationships, misstatements, and misconceptions arising from the ill-coordinated activities of this double system of agents, it is proposed to send one or several ambassadors to some central point such as the Hague, to meet there all the ambassadors of all the significant States in the world, and to deal with international questions with a novel frankness in a collective meeting.

This has now become a possible way of doing the world's business, because of the development of the means of communication and information. The embassy in a foreign country, as a watching, remonstrating, proposing extension of its country of origin, a sort of eye and finger at the heart of the host country, is now clumsy, unnecessary, inefficient, and dangerous. For most routine work, for reports of all sorts, for legal action and so forth on behalf

of travelling nationals, the consular service is adequate or can easily be made adequate. What remains of the ambassadorial apparatus might very well merge with the consular system, and the embassy become an international court civility, a ceremonial vestige without any diplomatic value at all.

§ 4.

Given a permanent World Congress developed out of the congress of settlement between the belligerents, a world alliance, with, as a last resort, a call upon the forces of the associated Powers, for dealing with recalcitrants, then a great number of possibilities open out to humanity that must otherwise remain inaccessible. But before we go on to consider these, it may be wise to point out how much more likely a World Congress is to effect a satisfactory settlement at the end of this war than a congress confined to the belligerents.

The war has progressed sufficiently to convince everyone that there is now no possibility of an overwhelming victory for Germany. It must end in a more or less complete defeat of the German and Turkish alliance, and in a considerable readjustment of Austrian and Turkish boundaries. Assisted by the generosity of the doomed Austrians and Turks, the Germans are fighting now to secure as large a voice as possible in the final settlement, and it is conceivable that in the end that settlement may be made quite an attractive one for Germany proper by the crowning sacrifice of suicide on the part of her two subordinated allies. There can be little doubt that Russia will gain the enormous advantage of a free opening into the Mediterranean, and that the battle of the Marne turned the fortunes of France from disaster to expansion. But the rest of the settlement is still vague and uncertain, and German imperialism at least is already working hard and intelligently for a favourable situation at the climax, a situation that will enable this militarist empire to emerge still strong, still capable of recuperation and of a renewal at no very remote date of the struggle for European predominance. This is a thing as little for the good of the saner German people as it is for the rest of the world,

but it is the only way in which militant imperialism can survive at all. The alternative of an imperialism shorn of the glamour of aggression, becoming constitutional and democratic, the alternative, that is to say, of a great Liberal Germany, is one that will be as distasteful almost to the people who control the destinies of Germany to-day, and who will speak and act for Germany in the final settlement, as a complete submission to a Serbian conqueror would be. At the final conference of settlement Germany will not be really represented at all. The Prussian militarist empire will still be in existence, and it will sit at the council, working primarily for its own survival. Unless the Allies insist upon the presence of representatives of Saxony, Bavaria, and so forth, and demand the evidence of popular sanctions—a thing they are very unlikely to demand—that is what "Germany" will signify at the conference. And what is true of Germany will be true, more or less, of several other of the allied Powers. . . .

A conference confined purely to the belligerents will be in fact a conference not even representative of the belligerents. And it will be tainted with all the traditional policies, aggressions, suspicions, and subterfuges that led up to the war. It will not be the end of the old game, but the readjustment of the old game, the old game which is such an abominable nuisance to the development of modern civilisation. The idealism of the great alliance will certainly be subjected to enormous strains, and the whole energy of the Central European diplomatists will be directed to developing and utilising these stresses. This, I think, must be manifest even to the Foreign Offices most concerned. They must see already ahead of them a terrible puzzle of arrangement, a puzzle their own bad traditions will certainly never permit them to solve. "God save us," they may very well pray, "from our own cleverness and sharp dealing," and they may even welcome the promise of an enlarged outlook that the entry of the neutral Powers would bring with it. Every Foreign Office has its ugly evil elements, and probably every Foreign Office dreads those elements. There are certainly Russian fools who dream about India, German fools who dream about Canada and South America, British fools who dream about Africa and the East; aggressionists in the blood, people who can no

more let nations live in peace than kleptomaniacs can keep their hands in their own pockets. But, quite conceivably, there are honest monarchs and sane foreign ministers very ready to snatch at the chance of swamping the evil in their own Chancelleries.

It is just here that the value of neutral participation will come in. Whatever ambitions the neutral Powers may have of their own, it may be said generally that they are keenly interested in preventing the settlement from degenerating into a deal in points of vantage for any further aggressions in any direction. Both the United States of America and China are traditionally and incurably pacific Powers, professing and practising an unaggressive policy; and the chief outstanding minor States are equally concerned in securing a settlement that shall settle. And, moreover, so wide reaching now are all international agreements, that they have not only a claim to intervene juridically, but they have the much more pressing claim to participate on the ground that no sort of readjustment of Europe, Western Asia, and Africa can leave their own futures unaffected. They are wanted not only in the interests of the belligerent peoples, but for their own sakes and the welfare of the world altogether.

§ 5.

Now a world conference, once it is assembled, can take up certain questions that no partial treatment can ever hope to meet. The first of the questions is disarmament. No one who has watched the politics of the last forty years can doubt the very great share the business and finance of armament manufacture has played in bringing about the present horrible killing; and no one who has read accounts of the fighting can doubt how much this industry has enhanced the torment, cruelty, and monstrosity of war. In the old warfare a man was either stabbed, shot, or thrust through after an hour or so of excitement, and all the wounded on the field were either comfortably murdered or attended to before the dawn of the next day. One was killed by human hands, with understandable and tolerable injuries. But in this war the bulk of the dead—of the Western Allies at any rate—have been killed by machinery,

the wounds have been often of an inconceivable horribleness, and the fate of the wounded has been more frightful than was ever the plight of wounded in the hands of victorious savages. For days multitudes of men have been left mangled, half buried in mud and filth, or soaked with water, or frozen, crying, raving, between the contending trenches. The number of men that the war, without actual physical wounds, has shattered mentally and driven insane because of its noise, its stresses, its strange unnaturalness, is enormous. Horror in this war has overcome more men than did all the arrows of Cressy.

Almost all this enhanced terribleness of war is due to the novel machinery of destruction that science has rendered possible. The wholesale mangling and destroying of men by implements they have never seen, without any chance of retaliation, has been its most constant feature. You cannot open a paper of any date since the war began without reading of men burnt, scalded, and drowned by the bursting of torpedoes from submarines, of men falling out of the sky from shattered aeroplanes, of women and children in Antwerp or Paris mutilated frightfully or torn to ribbons by aerial bombs, of men smashed and buried alive by shells. An indiscriminate diabolical violence of explosives resulting in cruelties for the most part ineffective from the military point of view, is the incessant refrain of this history.

The increased dreadfulness of war due to modern weapons is, however, only one consequence of their development. The practicability of aggressive war in settled countries now is entirely dependent on the use of elaborate artillery on land and warships at sea. Were there only rifles in the world, were an ordinary rifle the largest kind of gun permitted, and were ships specifically made for war not so made, then it would be impossible to invade any country defended by a patriotic and spirited population with any hopes of success, because of the enormous defensive capacity of entrenched riflemen not subjected to an unhampered artillery attack. Modern war is entirely dependent upon equipment of the most costly and elaborate sort. A general agreement to reduce that equipment would not only greatly minimise the evil of any war that did break out, but it would go a long way towards the abolition

of war. A community of men might be unwilling to renounce their right of fighting one another if occasion arose, but they might still be willing to agree not to carry arms or to carry arms of a not too lethal sort, to carry pistols instead of rifles, or sticks instead of swords. That, indeed, has been the history of social amelioration in a number of communities, it has led straight to a reduction in the number of encounters. So in the same way the Powers of the world might be willing to such a limitation of armaments, while still retaining the sovereign right of declaring war in certain eventualities. Under the assurances of a world council, threatening a general intervention, such a partial disarmament would be greatly facilitated.

And another aspect of disarmament which needs to be taken up, and which only a world congress can take up, must be the arming of barbaric or industrially backward Powers by the industrially efficient Powers, the creation of navies and artillery forces in such countries as Turkey, Serbia, Peru, and the like. In Belgium countless Germans were blown to pieces by German-made guns; Europe arms Mexico against the United States; China, Africa, Arabia are full of European and American weapons. It is only the mutual jealousies of the highly organised States that permit this leakage of power. The tremendous warnings of our war should serve to temper their foolish hostilities, and now, if ever, is the time to restrain this insane arming of the less advanced communities.

But before that can be done it is necessary that the manufacture of war material should cease to be a private industry and a source of profit to private individuals; that all the invention and enterprise that blossoms about business should be directed no longer to the steady improvement of man-killing. It is a preposterous and unanticipated thing that respectable British gentlemen should be directing magnificently organised masses of artisans upon the Tyneside in the business of making weapons that may ultimately smash some of those very artisans to smithereens. At the risk of being called "Utopian," I would submit that the world is not so foolish as to allow that sort of thing to go on indefinitely. It is indeed quite a recent human development. All this great business of armament upon commercial lines is the growth of half a century. But it has grown

with the vigour of an evil weed; it has thrown out a dark jungle of indirect advertisement, and it has compromised and corrupted great numbers of investors and financial people. It is perhaps the most powerful single interest of all those that will fight against the systematic minimisation and abolition of war, and rather than lose his end, it may be necessary for the pacifist to buy out all these concerns, to insist upon the various States that have sheltered them taking them over, lock, stock, and barrel, as going businesses. From what we know of officialism everywhere, the mere transfer will involve almost at once a decline in their vigour and innovating energy. It is perhaps fortunate that the very crown of the private armaments business is the Krupp organisation, and that its capture and suppression is a matter of supreme importance to all the Allied Powers. Russia, with her huge population, has not as yet developed armament works upon a very large scale, and would probably welcome proposals that minimised the value of machinery and so enhanced that of men. Beyond this and certain American plants for the making of rifles and machine-guns, only British and French capital is very deeply involved in the armaments trade. The problem is surely not too difficult for human art and honesty.

It is not being suggested that the making of arms should cease in the world, but only that in every country it should become a State monopoly and so completely under Government control. If the State can monopolise the manufacture and sale of spirit, as Russia has done; if it can, after the manner of Great Britain, control the making and sale of such a small, elusive substance as saccharin, it is ridiculous to suppose that it cannot keep itself fully informed of the existence of such elaborated machinery as is needed to make a modern rifle barrel. And it demands a very minimum of alertness, good faith, and good intentions for the various manufacturing countries to keep each other and the world generally informed upon the question of their respective military equipments. From this state of affairs to a definition of a permissible maximum of strength on land and sea for all the high contracting Powers is an altogether practicable step. Disarmament is not a dream; it is a thing more practicable than a general hygienic convention and more easily enforced than custom and excise.

Now, none of this really involves the abandonment of armies, or uniforms, or national service. Indeed, to a certain extent it restores the importance of the soldier at the expense of machinery. A world conference for the preservation of the peace and the suppression of armaments would neither interfere with such dear incorrigible squabbles as that of the orange and green factions in Ireland (though it might deprive them of their more deadly weapons), nor absolutely prohibit war between adjacent States. It would, however, be a very powerful delaying force against the outbreak of war, and it would be able to insist with a quite novel strength upon the observation of the rules of war. It is no good pretending that mere pacifism will end war; what will end war, what indeed may be ending war at the present time, is war—against militarism. Force respects itself and no other power. The hope for a world of peace in the future lies in that, in the possibility of a great alliance, so powerful that it will compel adhesions, an alliance prepared to make war upon and destroy and replace the Government of any State that became aggressive in its militarism. This Alliance will be in effect a world congress perpetually restraining aggressive secession, and obviously it must regard all the No-Man's Lands—and particularly that wild waste the ocean—as its highway. The fleets and marines of the allied world Powers must become the police of the wastes and waters of the earth.

§ 6.

Now such a collective control of belligerence and international relations is the obvious common-sense settlement of the present world conflict; it is so manifest, so straightforward, that were it put plainly to them it would probably receive the assent of nineteen sane men out of twenty in the world. This, or some such thing as this, they would agree, is far better than isolations and the perpetual threat of fresh warfare. But against it there work forces, within these people and without, that render the attainment of this generally acceptable solution far less probable than a kind of no-solution that will only be a re-opening of all our hostilities and conflicts upon a fresh footing. Some of

these forces are vague and general, and can only be combated by a various and abundant liberal literature, in a widely dispersed battle in which each right-thinking man must do as his conscience directs him. There are the vague national antagonisms, the reservations in favour of one's own country's righteousnesses, harsh religious and social and moral cant of the Carlyle type, greed, resentment, and suspicion. The greatest of these vague oppositions is that want of faith which makes men say war has always been and must always be, which makes them prophesy that whatever we do will become corrupted and evil, even in the face of intolerable present evils and corruptions.

When at the outbreak of the war I published an article headed "The War that will End War," at once Mr. W. L. George hastened to reprove my dreaming impracticability. "War there has always been." Great is the magic of a word! He was quite oblivious to the fact that war has changed completely in its character half a dozen times in half a dozen centuries; that the war we fought in South Africa and the present war and the wars of mediæval Italy and the wars of the Red Indians have about as much in common as a cat and a man and a pair of scissors and a motor-car, namely that they may all be the means of death. If war can change its character as much as it has done, it can change it altogether; if peace can be kept indefinitely in India or North America, it can be kept throughout the world. It is not I who dream, but Mr. George and his like who are not yet fully awake, and it is their somnolence that I dread more than anything else when I think of the great task of settlement before the world.

It is this rather hopeless, inert, pseudo-sage mass of unbelievers who render possible the continuation of war dangers. They give scope for the activities of the evil minority which hates, which lives by pride and grim satisfactions, and which is therefore anxious to have more war and more. And it is these inert, half-willed people who will obstruct the disentanglement of the settlement from diplomatic hands. "What do we know about the nuances of such things?" they will ask, with that laziness that apes modesty. It is they who will complain when we seek to buy out the armaments people.

Probably all the private armament firms in the world could be bought up for seventy million pounds, but the unbelievers will shake their heads and say: "Then there will only be something else instead."

Yet there are many ungauged forces on the side of the greater settlement. Cynicism is never more than a half-truth, and because man is imperfect it does not follow that he must be futile. Russia is a land of strange silences, but it is manifest that whatever the innermost quality of the Tsar may be, he is no claptrap vulgar Conqueror of the Wilhelm-Napoleon pattern. He began his reign, and he may yet crown his reign, with an attempt to establish peace on a newer, broader foundation. His religion, it would seem, is his master and not his servant. There has been no Russian Bernhardi. And there has been much in America, much said and much done, since the war broke out that has surprised the world. I may confess, for myself, and I believe that I shall speak for many other Europeans in this matter, that what we feared most in the United States was levity. We expected mere excitement, violent fluctuations of opinion, a confused irresponsibility, and possibly mischievous and disastrous interventions. It is no good hiding an open secret. We judged America by the peace headline. It is time we began to offer our apologies to America and democracy. The result of reading endless various American newspapers and articles; of following the actions of the American Government; of talking to representative Americans, is to realise the existence of a very clear, strong national mentality, a firm, self-controlled, collective will, far more considerable in its totality than the world has ever seen before. We thought the United States would be sentimentally patriotic and irresponsible; that they would behave as though the "New World" was indeed a separate planet, and as though they had neither duties nor brotherhood in Europe. It is quite clear, on the contrary, that the people of the United States consider this war as their affair also, and that they have the keenest sense of their responsibility for the general welfare of mankind.

So that as a second chance, after the possibility of a broad handling of the settlement by the Tsar, and as a very much bigger probability, is the insistence by America upon

her right to a voice in the ultimate settlement and an initiative from the Western Hemisphere that will lead to a world congress. There are the two most hopeful sources of that great proposal. It is the tradition of British national conduct to be commonplace to the pitch of dulness, and all the stifled intelligence of Great Britain will beat in vain against the national passion for the ordinary. Britain, in the guise of Sir Edward Grey, will come to the congress like a family solicitor among the Gods. What is the good of shamming about this least heroic of fatherlands? But Britain would follow a lead; the family solicitor is honest and well-meaning. France and Belgium and Italy are too deeply in the affair, or without sufficient standing, or without sufficient moral prestige for a revolutionary initiative in international relationships. . . .

There is, however, a possible third source from which the proposal for a world congress might come, with the support of both neutrals and belligerents, and that is the Hague. Were there a man of force and genius at the Hague now, a man speaking with authority and not as the scribes, he might thrust enormous benefits upon the world. . . .

It is from these three sources that I most hope for leading now. Of the new Pope and his influence I know nothing. But in the present situation of the world's affairs it behoves us ill to wait idle until leaders clear the way for us. Every man who realises the broad conditions of the situation, everyone who can talk or write or echo, can do his utmost to spread his realisation of the possibilities of a world congress and the establishment of world law and world peace that lie behind the monstrous agonies and cruelties and confusions of this catastrophic year. Given an immense body of opinion, initiatives may break out effectively anywhere; failing it, they will be fruitless everywhere.

Germany and Double Allegiance

By Oliver E. Bodington

The possession of two nationalities by one and the same individual is a phenomenon as well known in the domain of international law as it is unfamiliar to the lay mind. Different legislations contribute in a greater or less degree to the happening of this phenomenon, and the legislation of the German Empire has encouraged it probably more than any other.

Now, indeed, by the new German law of Nationality, known by the name of its author as the Delbrück Act, the Reichstag has given express legislative sanction to a condition of things previously existing; in other words, it expressly permits German subjects to preserve their German nationality even after they have become naturalized abroad.

A brief reference to the pre-existing law indicates that this provision is merely the confirmation of a uniform legal policy. Prior to the Delbrück law, German nationality could only be lost in two ways, *i.e.*, by *entlassung*, that is to say, a permit of expatriation or by continuous residence abroad for ten years. *Entlassung*, however, was, and still is, the subject of a whole series of exceptions derived from the military law; and the loss of German nationality by residence abroad was also hedged about with all kinds of qualifications; for example, the period could not begin to run as long as the emigrant was possessed of an unlapsed German passport or certificate of domicile (*heimatschein*). The emigrant could also prevent the period running against him by registration at a German Consulate. It was even doubtful whether a mere casual journey back to Germany during the period might not interrupt the period. It was equally doubtful whether mere residence abroad was sufficient or whether such residence must be coupled with an intention to abandon German nationality. All these controversies have now been disposed of by the Delbrück law,

which has repealed this method of losing German nationality.

German writers themselves have testified to the simplicity and elasticity of the German law of nationality, as well as to its lofty disregard for the complications to which double nationality may give rise in the relations between the Empire and other countries. Dr. Kloeppel, of Leipzig, calls attention to the fact that the twenty-four volumes of decisions of the Reichsgericht rendered in civil causes from 1879 to 1891 do not comprise a single decision relating to the question of nationality, and he adds: "This simplicity is due to three latent principles; neither the sole fact of birth nor domicile on the territory of the Empire in any case confers either German nationality or the right to obtain it; the validity of naturalization once granted can in no manner be disputed; the possibility of a double nationality is admitted without restriction, for the acquisition of another nationality does not involve the loss of German nationality any more than naturalization in Germany destroys foreign nationality. For this reason, German courts are never called upon to consider the validity of naturalization acquired abroad or of an option exercised. They consider those who are born of German parents, or those who have been naturalized in Germany, as Germans, without overlooking the possibility that such individuals may be considered as French in France or English in England."

Under the old law there was no express provision to the effect that naturalization abroad involved loss of German nationality. The Delbrück law, while containing such a provision, at the same time ties the stoutest kind of string to German allegiance by providing that all the emigrant has to do before becoming naturalized abroad is to obtain permission to preserve his German nationality, a permission which we may be sure, in the present state of our knowledge, is granted with admirable facility. This permission once obtained, naturalization abroad in nowise affects his German nationality. This, indeed, is the essential enactment of the new law as outlined above, and the one which has been most severely incriminated abroad.

The peculiarities of German law in the past have, therefore, made it difficult for a German emigrant to cease to be a subject of Germany, or, at any rate, have made it

difficult to ascertain at what moment, and in compliance with what conditions, he has definitely and finally ceased to be a German subject. The result of this has been that in countries where naturalization is granted upon such easy-going terms as has hitherto been the case in England and France, the privilege of naturalization in those countries has, in the past, admirably served the designs of those Germans who, while appearing to have adopted their new nationality heartwhole, have done so solely for the object of serving the Fatherland in capacities of which we have had, in both France and England, only too many lamentable instances. That this object was deliberate is demonstrated in the Imperial message announcing the new Nationality Bill, as well as in Dr. Delbrück's speech introducing the measure. Dr. Delbrück said:—

"*Civis Germanicus sum* has ceased to be an empty phrase; it now signifies the proud announcement that one belongs to a great and powerful State. The consciousness of being a German is no longer founded only on a small number of souvenirs of a sentimental kind. The German of to-day who finds himself abroad is, thanks to the rapidity of modern means of communication and to the development of *our Press*, in close relations with the economic and intellectual life of his country. . . .

"The Empire of Germany has also quite another interest now in attaching to itself all Germans who have emigrated; for the motives of emigration have in great part become quite different from what they were formerly. The German who emigrates now no longer does so with a view of separating himself economically and politically from his country; on the contrary, the large majority of those who emigrate go with the object of serving their country economically and *politically*. . . .

". . . It is true that we recognise that there are cases where a German citizen abroad may have an interest in acquiring, side by side with his old nationality a new nationality, the possession of which would still allow of his *usefully representing the interests of his old Fatherland*."

Here we have, in all its unblushing arrogance, a direct encouragement sanctioned by Imperial Statute addressed to Germans naturalized abroad, to forswear their new allegiance in the interests of the Fatherland. Recent per-

formances of naturalized Germans in England and France indicate unmistakably that their treacherous zeal needed no such Imperial stimulus. Such a barefaced avowal throws none the less a lurid light on recent events; and this speech dates back to the opening of the Reichstag in 1912. Another of the too numerous warnings unheeded!

In France, the tapping of official secrets by naturalized Germans and Austrians and their French offspring in high places has become so widespread that public opinion is thoroughly aroused to its gravity, and the Government has quite recently brought in a Bill of a drastic character providing for the revocation of the naturalization of all individuals who have preserved or recovered their original nationality, or who have borne arms against France, or who have given aid to their country of origin, or who have left France in order to avoid the obligations of French citizenship, and particularly military service.

This is the culmination of an agitation carried on persistently by the Ligue Anti-Allemande, an agitation which, indeed, received too little attention until the outbreak of the war, when the magnitude of the evil began to be gradually realised.

If the evil has reached these dimensions in a country like France, whose code discourages double nationality, how much more wide-spread must it have become in a country like the United Kingdom, whose naturalization law, until the Act of this year, has deliberately favoured it. For the Naturalization Act, 1870, qualifies the exclusiveness of British naturalization by providing that a naturalized alien shall enjoy all the privileges of a natural born British subject "with this qualification, that he shall not, when within the limits of the foreign State of which he was a subject previously to obtaining his certificate of naturalization, be deemed to be a British subject unless he has ceased to be a subject of that State in pursuance of the laws thereof or of a treaty to that effect."

A German under this provision could thus obtain the full-blown advantages of British citizenship, while remaining the best of Germans when in the Fatherland.

In the year 1901, an Inter-Departmental Committee was appointed by the Home Department to consider the reform of the naturalization law. The report of this Com-

mittee contains a paragraph deprecating the contingency of double allegiance, and advocating the expediency of endeavouring as far as possible to bring about that a person who has acquired British nationality shall thereupon cease to be a subject of the country to which he previously belonged. It also puts forward the suggestion that the Secretary of State, in the exercise of his discretion in granting certificates of naturalization, might have regard to the consideration whether or not the applicant would, on becoming a British subject, be divested of his prior nationality. A Committee sitting in 1901 could not have been expected to foresee the conscienceless uses to which Germans have put the possibilities of double nationality, or they would certainly have made far more drastic recommendations. They recognise, indeed, that there would be serious practical difficulties in giving general effect to their suggestions. This is undoubtedly the case; for under the Act of 1870, the Secretary of State was bound to exercise his discretion before the grant was made, inasmuch as he was advised that once the grant was made, the certificate of naturalization was not revocable on the ground of fraud, and that it was not competent for him to annex any condition as to residence or otherwise providing for the avoidance of the certificate for breach of the condition. When once the certificate was granted, he was therefore helpless; and it is easy to show that even before it was granted it would have been next to impossible for him to make certain that the grant would divest the applicant of his prior allegiance. For how would a British Secretary of State have possibly steered his way amongst all these shoals and quicksands of the German law of nationality in order to ascertain the *bona fides* of the application? It would clearly have been impossible for him to do anything of the kind. We should like to know how many Germans naturalized in Great Britain have also been registered at the German Consulate, so as to preserve their German nationality. In view of current events, we should equally well like to know how many Germans naturalized since January 1st, 1914, had obtained permission, under the Delbrück law, to preserve their German nationality. What is beyond all things certain is, that under our Act of 1870, it was a matter of sheer impossibility for a British Secretary

of State to judge of the *bona fides* of a German application for naturalization in the sense in which a mental reservation of his original allegiance is a breach of good faith; for this obviously is a matter resting entirely between the applicant and his conscience; and the German conscience in international relations has been by this time pretty thoroughly weighed in the balance.

On January 1st of this year the British Nationality and Status of Aliens Act, 1914, came into operation. This Act repeals the Act of 1870 *in toto*, and consequently removes the qualification of that Act quoted above; from which it follows that a German naturalized British is "deemed (in the eye of English law) to be a British subject," even when he is in Germany, his country of origin. The Act also gives the Secretary of State a power of revocation in cases where the certificate has been obtained "by false representations or fraud."

So far, so good; but I venture to think that this new Act does nothing whatever to frustrate the purpose of Dr. Delbrück and the Imperial Message. For it could hardly be contended, on the face of the Act, that a permission awarded to the applicant under the Delbrück law would amount either to false representation or fraud. What are the requirements? Five years' residence in England; a good character; a decent knowledge of English; and the intention to reside in England. In what way could the Delbrück reservation of nationality prevent, say, a German hotel waiter, from fulfilling these requirements, or justify the Secretary of State in revoking his naturalization on the ground of false representation or fraud, unless double allegiance were expressly declared to be a case of fraud or false representation?

It is true that there is another formality necessary to complete naturalization, viz., the oath of allegiance. But it should be remembered that the oath comes after the grant of the certificate, and the grounds for revocation are false representations, or fraud *by means of which* the certificate has been obtained (the certificate becoming effective only after the oath has subsequently been taken). Furthermore, assuming that some exceptionally scrupulous German were to buck at the moral duplicity of the practice we are now condemning, is it not likely that his scruples might be

allayed at the last moment by the incomplete form of our British oath of allegiance? The oath is incomplete in this sense that it merely calls on the candidate to swear allegiance to the British Sovereign, without obliging him to renounce expressly prior allegiance. Germans, as we know them now, are unlikely to boggle at such a trivial mental reservation, as this would appear to them.

It is clearly advisable that there should be embodied in the oath some such emphatic repudiation of all foreign allegiance as is required by the Statutes of the United States as a preliminary to American naturalization.

There the alien is required to declare on oath his intention "to renounce for ever all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign prince, potentate, State, or Sovereignty, and, particularly, by name, to the prince, potentate, State, or Sovereignty" of which he is at the time of the declaration a citizen or subject.

A German, in order to be naturalized American, must, therefore, not only renounce allegiance to Germany, but also to William Emperor of Germany. The form of the oath debars all double allegiance under the penalties of perjury.

A declaration to this effect, coupled with a provision making the oath an integral part of the formalities, would give our Secretary of State control over the Delbrück Act, and would not only enable him to revoke the naturalization of any German who had retained his German nationality under that Act, but also to have him prosecuted for perjury.

It would merely be an *ex-post facto* remedy, however; that is to say, applicable only after the grant of naturalization has been made. To forestall the grant of such fraudulent naturalization it would be necessary to incorporate in the initial declaration (under oath) a formula of abjuration of all prior allegiance. Then if, instead of sending a policeman round the corner to find out if the applicant has paid his butcher's bill, the British Consul nearest his original domicile (in Germany by hypothesis) were able to ascertain that he had obtained a permit under the Delbrück Act to retain his German nationality, he would be liable to an indictment for perjury immediately and before the naturalization was granted.

But here again, in the possible event of a refusal by the German authorities to give this information to the Consul, we are no better off, except that we should have laid the foundation for an indictment of perjury in the event of subsequent discovery.

Unless, therefore, we give the Secretary of State wider powers, we are face to face with the undoubted fact that the privileges of British nationality can still be exploited as they have been exploited in past years to the utmost by naturalized aliens for the benefit of a hostile Power. Attempts, such as this new Act, designed to put a stop to this practice, seem, now that war has broken out, rather like closing the stable door after theft of the steed. Many will also believe that even if we could make British nationality an absolutely exclusive privilege, German blood would still contrive some method of working for the Fatherland, despite the outward stamp of naturalization. Nevertheless, we shall all no doubt agree that as the war progresses, the privilege of British nationality becomes every day of greater price and calls for the most jealous protection by all means in our power. It should be preserved *totus teres atque rotundus* as a gift to aliens only to be awarded after thoroughly adequate probation, upon the severest scrutiny, and accompanied by utter and irrevocable renunciation of all other allegiance whatsoever. While the new Nationality Act could undoubtedly be amended, to further the end in view, the most effectual means of achieving it is undoubtedly a treaty.

There is precedent for this in the "Bancroft" treaties entered into in 1868 between the United States and various States of the German confederation, the effect of which has been preserved by subsequent Imperial Statutes. They provide that Germans naturalized in the United States shall be treated by Germany as American citizens and reciprocally.

The suggestion that the matter should be dealt with by a treaty is one which may safely be left to the consideration of the Peace Delegates of the Allied Powers, when they are appointed, with the hope that such a treaty, if entered into, may never be flouted as a "scrap of paper," and may contribute to exclude all but manifestly deserving aliens from the high privilege of British nationality.

On Secret Service in Germany

By Major C. de Breze Darnley-Stuart-Stephens

The trial, in 1910, in the Supreme Court of the Empire at Leipzig, and sentence of four years' confinement in a fortress, of Captain Trench and Lieutenant Brandon, opened the eyes of the man in the street as to some of the harsh realities of what Kipling in *Kim* terms the "Great Game."

This, immeasurably the most difficult and perilous of all games, is the correction of military statistics in the territory of a potential enemy. It is not consistent with the honour of an officer and a gentleman to have an unauthorised peep at his adversary's cards at play. If he is fool enough or vile enough to procure information on the sly, and is found out, it, of course, means the deprivation of his commission, the out-kicking from his clubs, and the hounding into that vague sphere of social extinction, which, distinguished by the ideal boundaries of the Conquistadore, may be printed on the map of civilised life as No Man's Land. Yet, as every year brings us nearer to the millennium, what General Bronsart von Schellendorff, in his *Der Dienst des Generalstabes*, cynically alludes to as the "correction of military statistics," and what some civilian people, *sans* German *Kultur*, describe with brutal frankness as military spying, continues to become more highly developed and more highly specialised.

But to the homeland of Messrs. les Bosches.

One morning, in the Row, in the fair June of 1896, while plunged into a furious argument with Lady Florence Dixie on the rights and wrongs of that great (in the matter of superficial area) man, King Cetewayo, to me came a messenger boy, who bore a despatch of laconic and imperative *venez tout de suite*, which meant that a native

of the nation of France was urgently desirous of the charm of my company.

Arrived at the house in Gerard Street, Eaton Square, of my friend, Colonel Count du Pontariel de Huissey, the Military Attaché, I met, to my amazement, in his drawing-room, Lieut.-Colonel So-and-So, Sous Chef of the Deuxième Bureau, otherwise the "Department for the Correction of, etc." At me he at once fired the question: "Can you speak German well?" and without allowing me to disclaim an anything but complete knowledge of that exquisitely liquid tongue, the visitor from the Boulevard St. Germain went on to say that I had been specially selected by General De Torcy* for the opportunity of volunteering for reconnaissance work on the other side of the Rhine. "When will you be able to go?" demanded the Marquis de Torcy's envoy, assuming the "volunteering" as a formula unworthy of discussion. Having a shrewd notion as to the objective of my proposed intrusion into the Fatherland, I answered with an air of decision, "In some three months." M. le Colonel looked pained. "It is *une affaire pressée*," he urged. "But, yes," I answered, "and it will be of a necessity for me to seek for certificates of my good character from China; and ah, from Chile; of a certainty from Chile."

The deputy-keeper of the conscience of the French Army audibly groaned. "Is it not possible for you to be serious for a moment?" he inquired in tones that would have wrung tears from anyone but a twentieth-century Hun.

Then ensued a discussion between the Colonels as what would be the most desirable character for me to assume when I went forth to take the air in Germany.

After nearly an hour's excited talk, in which that brace of gifted men found themselves offering suggestions of the brilliancy and effectiveness of schoolboys plotting in a playground, they turned, both in vile tempers, to me and barked, "Well, what's *your* plan?"

"Behold in me," I promptly answered, "that romantic figure of up-to-date adventurous fiction—the hardy and

* Then Chief of the Cabinet of General Billot, Minister of War. I had made his acquaintance when, the year before, he was Chief of the Staff of the Madagascar Expedition. So as in all armies, "wheels within wheels."

resolute prospector who, after enduring the extremes of peril and privation, has discovered a native treasure-house in a remote desert of the Dark Continent." M. le Sous Chef this time moaned by way of variation. The military attaché who knew me in my habit looked puzzled. "It is in German colonial territory that I have struck diamonds"; the sounds of woe suddenly ceased; what more truly reasonable than that I should look on Germany itself for capital to develop what might prove to be the most valuable asset in the resources of German West Africa, and I simultaneously closed the book I had been reading while the Colonels argued, and—my left eyelid.

And so with wicked grins, a brace of hungry and distinguished staff officers, and a well-nigh famished explorer descended to a belated *déjeuner*.

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From Damara diamonds to German guns was not such a fancy as would first appear. The year before I had from British Namaqualand made an incursion into the adjoining slice of South-West Africa which the Germans had filched. One evening I had off-saddled my horse and outspanned my Cape cart in a depression of the Damara desert where the Orange River, weary of its journey across the Continent, slides sleepily into the South Atlantic. The surface of the shallow valley was covered with hard gravel which abounded with peculiar pebbles of various colours. At the moment I failed to harbour the slightest suspicion as to the value of these dull-tinted little stones, which every now and then were being turned up by the horse's hoofs.

But the next morning, bearing in mind what the typical features of the country suggested, I picked up and stored away in one of my saddle-bags a handkerchief full of these geological specimens of the land that Mr. Palgrave, Commissioner from the Cape, had, before the advent of Bismarck's annexing cruiser, reported on as "a worthless desert." Now Botha and his brother Afrikanders are spending a goodly toll of blood and treasure in its recapture. Incredible as it may read, agates, garnets, bloodstones, and tiny very off-coloured diamonds were to be picked up from the tawny sand on which I had taken a night's lodging.

"And if small thones vy not big vuns?" was the sapient remark of a gentleman of obviously Oriental descent in Cape Town, who suggested, "Vy not form a thyndicate to vork your discovery?"

I waved aside the "thyndicate" proposal, but not my old friends of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "Jack" Stewart, who had then transferred his journalistic energies to Cape Town, as Editor of Mr. J. B. Robinson's *South African Telegraph*. His interview with me, headed "Diamonds in Damaraland," fortified by the samples from my potential mine, was now to act as a stalking horse in the home of Krieg and Kultur. And following the classic examples of the conscientious amateur who, being cast for Othello, blackened his cuticle from head to heel, the writer, while awaiting the indispensable letters from South America and the Farther East, cast his semi-Gallic skin in favour of a Teutonic hide. From the morning when was hatched our conspiracy to "dish" the worthies of the enemy's General Staff, I developed an unwonted fascination for Anglo-German society, tempered by the severe course of study of the literature of precious stones. And to make assurance doubly sure a too-pronounced moustache and "mouche" disappeared, as did, with the aid of painfully smarting acids applied to my noble brow, a tell-tale forage-cap mark.

It will thus be seen that I resorted to the minutest precautions against discovery, all of which were neglected by Messrs. Trench and Brandon and that very gallant gentleman poor Bertrand Stewart, all three of whom were the subjects of "a fair cop" before even they had enjoyed the opportunity of inhaling one whiff of the fragrant gales that disperse from an odoriferous sausage manufactory. As the summer and autumn progressed I added a bundle of introductory letters, a number which subsequently proved of singular utility, I owed to a former comrade in the Zulu War, Captain Rudderford Lumley, a Queen's (Foreign Office) Messenger, and erstwhile cavalry officer of the Hanoverian Army prior to the Seven Weeks' War, and later a captain of Prussian Uhlans. Several more I extracted from the unsuspecting General Sir Henry Havelock-Allan, V.C., who, peace be to his remains, was the following year murdered by the Afridis in the Khyber Pass of evil record.

And this innocent young person had even the cool effrontery to take in Sir Alfred Turner, who was then Deputy-Adjutant-General of R.A. at the War Office.

These rain-laden skies of ours were already big with the promise of coming winter when there arrived from Santiago de Chile a letter from my former comrade in arms during the Balmaceda Civil War, presenting me to General Bronsart von Schellendorff, who had lately held the portfolio of Prussian Minister of War, and who as colonel galloped back from Sedan to King William's headquarters with the tidings of the Imperial Army's surrender. And from the Chinese arsenal at Tientsin came another testimonial of moral character, also from a Prussian soldier of fortune and confidential agent of Essen, addressed to that German worthy, the parent of the "Cannon Queen." Being at last ready for action, after having docked the de Brèzè and resumed on my cards the ante-Mary Queen of Scots' spelling of my patronymic, I, in the character of an Anglo-Afrikander with a diamond mine to float, descended upon Berlin.

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It is now full time for me to explain that the object of all this spade work was to dig myself into a safe position from which to discover for the information of General Moutan d'Boisdeffre, Chief of the General Staff, if a secret re-armament was in progress of the Kaiser's field artillery. Were the field and horse batteries of the War Lord's twenty-three Army Corps being placed in a position of overwhelming superiority to those of France's score of Corps d'Armée by the substitution of a quick firer for the leisurely weapon then common to the artilleries of the world?

If it was really a fact that a new German field artillery was, with feverish haste, surreptitiously in process of materialisation at Essen, then it was emphatically a case of *la patrie en danger*—very gravely in danger. If a French artillery major was called upon to unlimber opposite a quick-firing battery his indolent single loaders, he would have found himself and his command in the unhappy position of a half-witted pedestrian who, not being equipped with an umbrella, sought in a shower to protect his tall hat with an uplifted walking-stick.

For the mobile quick-firer—the producer of the shell-

storm, with her aggressively long body, lean, like Cassius, from sheer wickedness, her scant belly hung round with a *châtelaine* of cunning devices—was, it was then seen, the factor that would decide most of the great battles of the morrow. Born on the ocean, divorced from a warship's stanchion, and wedded anew on *terra firma* to a recoil-absorber, the evolution from the sea service of this amphibious-bred voluble shrew would, if they had first obtained her favour, have placed the Germans in an even more distinct superiority than were the needle-gun armed Prussians to the Austrians with their spluttering muzzle-loaders on the now scarce-remembered day of Königgratz. When in October, 1896, I took up a strategic position in the Kaiser Hof, Morgenstrasse, Berlin, the officially controlled Press abounded in statements implying that owing to the unsatisfactory nature of the models submitted to the Artillery Commission, which it was given out was sitting *en permanence*, no immediate decision was contemplated as to a conversion of field guns. And this explanation was at the time believed in by my *vis-à-vis* across the street, the then Lieut.-Colonel Grierson, R.A. His reports to the War Office as military attaché, made in the winter of 1896, will, I happen to know, bear out my assertion. It was not my fault if he took what afterwards proved to be an incorrect view, as an extract from a diary which I periodically wrote up, *when temporarily out of Germany*, will show. "Breakfasted at G.'s flat, and met there S. R., the only astute English diplomat in Berlin. After feeding hinted to my host that things were humming down Essen way. He put down his pipe of impressive proportions and barked, 'You'll at least allow me to know something about my own trade,' another instance of the self-appointed *protégés* of St. Barbara,* hugging to themselves the opinion that their especial *métier* is outside the comprehension of the mere cavalry or infantry man."

Yet, notwithstanding that I never dared to include Saint Barbara of blessed memory in my visions, I continued to learn within nine weeks of the initiation of my great adventure, *that the conversion of the Kaiser's artillery was pro-*

* A lady of goodly life and rigid morals who has been annexed by artillerists, whether with or without these saintly attributes, as their heavenly patroness.

ceeding apace at Krupp's, where a new plant was running day and night, and where at regular intervals picked detachments of officers and non-coms., oath-bound to silence, were being dispatched for instruction in the mechanism of the transformed gun.

How did I alone, out of many trained watchers, pierce so soon the veil that masked the Essen mystery? It is an abominably commonplace, even sordid confession, that has here to be written. Let the truth be told even if the heavens fall! I have always been by nature of generous, compassionate, and sociable disposition. Thus, in that collection of architectural monstrosities yclept Berlin, I, after the closing of the theatres, welcomed the Emperor's officers to my rooms at the Kaiser Hof, where the interchange of improving conversation, stimulated by the passage of the flowing bowl, served to while away the weary hours of the night, and to wean the mind from the slothful sensuality of sleep. On one occasion, our talk running lightly upon the more superficial characteristics of our respective countries, a Captain of the famous Fusiliers of the Guard remarked having been much struck by observing the universal devotion of South Africans to betting on horses, cards, on any and every game. (By the way, this same Prussian Fusilier and I had served together in the Zulu War. More of him anon.) In reply I admitted that the taste for gambling was very general all over Afrikander land. I even admitted, smilingly, that I had in my solid days shared in it myself. To permit oneself to be carried away by this passion, I laid down with admirable morality, was a most serious mistake, but within due bounds, I continued with a morality less severe, I knew of no amusement more interesting than judiciously conducted games of mingled chance and skill played for heavy yet not excessive stakes. Naturally, this discourse was very exactly to the minds of my gallant guests, every one of whom had made as profound a study of the scientific possibilities of pasteboard as they had of the teaching of von der Goltz. And so during that now far-off winter an extended acquaintance with the Prussian Guardsman revealed the interesting fact that even when he had associated an extraordinary quantity of extraneous spirits with his own, he still could play a phenomenally good game of cards. True, there was

here and there an isolated exception when sound judgment failed to remain unimpaired in the midst of its alcoholic environment. Then came my opportunity to show that, so far from being a stranger in a strange land, I felt very much at home among genuine friends, and to emphasise this international comity I on certain occasions lent from my humble store to the luckless warrior whose shearing had been of such radical thoroughness that it removed every vestige of merchantable wool. In brief, the logical conclusion of the *noctes ambrosianae* in my rooms at the Kaiser Hof was that several useful members of the General Staff and the Guards' Army Corps were rescued by my timely generosity from uncomfortably tight financial fixes. My sometime comrade in Zululand, being one who had seen much of the world's continents, realised how rarely the perfect flower of friendship blooms, when after heartless refusals from his compatriots, he obtained from "that most excellent fellow, Steffen," the means of liquidating a pressing debt of honour. When, through the aid of a kind friend in the Deuxième Bureau, I "lent" my ex-South African Irregular that £120 I was building better than I knew. For it was from him that later on I received an opportune "tip" that saved me from cooling my heels for a prolonged period in Spandau. And unknowingly he did both France and England a better turn than the mere saving to me of my liberty, when he sent me on the third week of last August an extract from a crack-jaw speech made by his War Lord. I at once realised its unique value as a recruiting factor, and as such published it at the top of one of my articles in the *Manchester Daily Despatch*, of which journal I was then acting as military contributor. Some weeks later, the *Times*, never in an indecent hurry, obtained confirmation of the Kaiser's opinion of "General French's contemptible little army," published my extract from the Imperial Hun's speech, without condescending to mention that it was through my agency that this now classic in the literature of the greatest of all wars was first given to the world. But that is still another story.

Also, I have reason to believe that it was from my ex-South African comrade that I received an anonymous warning that my abode was marked down for the kindly attentions

of a Zeppelin visitor.* And all this for a trifle £120. Why, it was cheap at the price; the more so as it was not my own money!

It was incredibly wearing work, this careful weighing up of every trifle light as air, of being, while seemingly all unconcerned, ever on the *qui vive* for an allusion, however indirect, that pointed to the object of my quest. Yet there was no other way of effecting my purpose than that of being "the good fellow who was going to make everybody's fortune by and by," and who at the same time kept ever open his eyes and ears. Into the latter organs was poured on the 17th of December, 1896, the querulous complaint of a major of siege artillery, whose eyes sparkled with greed as he rasped out: "For myself, I do not believe your company will be formed before our artillery is reconstructed and then I tell you, my dear Steffen, in the most absolute and sacred confidence, there will be war, and we will settle with these French monkeys for once and for all." Such were the very words of this remarkable man. "And if war comes next autumn, or the autumn after next (1897-98), where then will be the shares that you have promised to put me in for?" Here was at last something tangible. On the 15th I received a wire of a business complexion from London (I had sent, after leaving the avaricious major, a telegram to a trusted agent in town who knew what to do), and flourishing this excuse for a hurried visit to England, took the next train to the Hook of Holland, thence transferring myself *viâ* Harwich and Liverpool Street to Victoria and the Newhaven-Dieppe route to a more congenial of the continental capitals than Berlin. And then in Paris on the morning of the 19th, General Billot and the Chef of the Etat Major-Général were engaged in the consideration of the writer's interim report. Early in January a secret credit was ob-

* *Londres, le 7 Octobre.*

MON CHER S.-S.,—

Les documents que vous écrivez dans les gazettes anglaises sont communiquées au bureau centrale à B.

Gardez-vous. En vue de ce qui doit arriver, faites examiner votre demeure, pour voire qu'on n'y met pas de signale, *surtout les toits.*

Excusez mon mauvais francais mais il s'est passé beaucoup de temps depuis le Café Américain et ensuite les bier-reise comme vous disiez de B.

Salut.

X.

tained by M. le Ministre for the object of commencing a re-armament of France's field artillery. First check to Germany, and the first step in the evolution of that sprightly jade, Madame Soisantequinze. I remained with my French cousins in Paris for Christmas, and having thus shed a little of acquired Teutonic *Kultur*, returned to the Fatherland *viâ* London and Rotterdam—always *viâ* England and Holland—to complete my education in what Byron wrote of as "old Gothic manners."

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It is a time-worn maxim that danger never comes to us from the side we expect, or it would not be danger at all, since one would be on one's guard and be able to resist it. My secret mission in Germany was brought to a sudden and dramatic conclusion through the intervention of a harmless quadruped. The Kaiser's military representative at Carlton House Terrace at this time was a fervent lover of good horseflesh, and his daily progress up and down the Row had become such an established feature that every nursemaid and every Park "Bobby" must have known by sight the tall, hard-featured Prussian officer with the hawk-like eye, and the wild cat smile. Herr Major, as became a military attaché—in his case a euphemism for official spy—was gifted with an excellent memory both for man and beast, and never forgot a horse or face once seen. It was therefore natural that he should miss the presence of any habitual rider in the Park. Herr Major was concerned to know what had become of the ex-British officer who used a showy-looking Irish mare. The Prussian stranger and pilgrim, it seemed, was in need of a good-looking mount on which to "peacock" at the forthcoming Aldershot manœuvres, and he had bent upon this Roscommon mare a glance of envy and covetousness. He had offered me nine "tenners" for her, but I refused the deal, for the sufficient reason that she was not my property, but had only been lent to me by General Sir Henry Havelock-Allan. Now as an article always gains in value in proportion as it becomes unattainable, my military diplomat had decided to raise his offer. Five months passed away before he again came across the object of his secret longing, the animal having been down at Blackwell Hall, Darlington. I can figure to myself what happened, based on my subsequent cross-examination

of Sir Henry's groom. "Where is your master? I hope he is not unwell," he asked the valet, reining up his steed beside the desired Irish chestnut. The servant, whose lack of intelligence would have given shame to an ordinary respectable gander, touched his hat and asked the inquisitive alien whether he meant Sir 'Enery 'Avelock-Hallan or Capting Darnley Stooart Stenings. "The mare," the clod went on to explain, "since she came back from the country was now kept at the mews, back of Sir 'Enery's 'ouse in Chester Square since the Capting went furrin." The German wanted to make a re-considered offer for this ill-luck bringing importation from Connaught and, being unaware that the Indian Mutiny hero was the actual owner, asked his groom for my address. The thick-pated servitor replied that "he did 'ere that Capting Stenings was visiting a town where these heighty-one guns are made." "What, Woolwich, or at Elswick, or Vickers'?" I could imagine the bark of Herr Major. "Oh, no, your honour, 'e's gone to one of them furrin towns." This was enough for the keen-witted, trained observer of everything, whether obviously momentous or apparently trivial, that concerned, or seemingly concerned, the interests of his country. That day he penned a letter which, oddly enough, contained not the faintest allusion to the chestnut mare with the white star on her forehead, nor was it addressed to her supposed owner. In 1898 I was enabled to read a copy of this fateful epistle which had been obtained at the German General Staff by a versatile individual who was deep in the confidence of that institution, but far deeper in the confidence of the Boulevard St. Germain. It ran: "It may be well to call your attention to a certain Captain de B. Darnley Stewart-Stephens, who when he is in French environment is styled Charles de Brézé Stuart-Stephané. He was for some years an English officer, but being the descendant of a Franco-Scottish *emigré* family is intensely French in sympathy and manner. The latter peculiarity, which he cannot always disguise, is worthy of note should a question of his identity arise.

"He has the reputation of having for an infantry officer an altogether exceptional knowledge of artillery material and of mechanical engineering. Who so efficient as this officer in connection with espionage at Essen? My informa-

tion is that he left London last October for the purpose of visiting a 'foreign cannon works.' If he is in Germany and has concealed his French and military antecedents it may be expedient to find out what he is after."

And so the fat was in the fire. Through a harmless horse and an idiotic Durham syce, suspicion was directed on me, and towards the end of Lent, 1897, I was, unknown to myself, placed under a rigorous surveillance. But oh, the pity of it! for in that early spring of 1897 I was regarded by my German friends as, in point of harmlessness, the very embodiment of the early primrose, a species of vegetation with which, in point of fact, "that splendid fellow Steffen" had but little in common. What I learnt of Germany's programme, from association with eminent civilians as well as soldiers in Hamburg, Essen, and Berlin, in those far-off days of 1897 may be briefly and categorically set out thus: I. Spring an overwhelmingly superior artillery upon France and in a fortnight drive her soldiers (this is the way my friends spoke) with our riding whips into Paris, where we would at once follow them to their lairs. II. Take the French fleet and all the cash in the country, England in the meantime, owing to dislike of French colonial methods and the absence of an army, standing aside. III. Six army corps, ostensibly as army of occupation, pending payment of indemnity, to be concentrated in the area of the forthcoming Paris Exhibition. At the appropriate moment this force to be railed to the Channel coast. Result, England would immediately, under pressure of *force majeure*, execute a revised Anglo-German Convention.

When this interesting development of the national programme was reached in conversation, everybody looked mysterious, as very properly they should, seeing that the terms of the proposed "revised" convention was still the Kaiser's secret. And yet some people in this country are still convinced that a deliberate German attack on this country and France—call a spade a spade—was only an idea emanating from 1911. Oh, *sancta simplicitas*.

The plot against France and Great Britain was dated, I learnt in February, 1897, just a dozen years back, when Sir Edward Grey stated in the House that the advance of a French expedition (Captain Marchand's from the French Congo) would be regarded by England "as an unfriendly

act." Then was foreseen in about the autumn of 1898 the certainty—to German eyes—of an ineffectual British threat of war against France, and at that psychological moment would be completed the re-armament of the Kaiser's artillery, which will show that the object of my mission had in its indirect bearings no little to do with much more serious affairs of German war policy.

Perhaps two of the most hated Britishers at this time in Germany were Cecil Rhodes and George Mackenzie, the first for having blocked German ambitions in Lo Bengula's realm, the other for the prescience that the some time administrator of the Chartered Imperial East African Company exhibited in thoroughly and promptly availing himself of Captain Frederick Lugard's accidental presence at Mombasa, who checkmated Doctor Peter's filibustering attempt upon the head waters of the Nile—a stroke which, if successful, would have held Egypt in pawn to Germany.

As I write my memory flows back to the harsh voices of the Bronsart von Schellendorffs, *père et fils*,* as they denounced "the swine Mackenzie."

With the near approach of Easter I began to realise that while their capacity for alcoholic assimilation and the borrowing of money remained unchanged, the easy confidence in which was regarded the good fellow Steffen, who was going to make all their fortunes out of diamonds, had appreciably altered with my military friends. Yet I was completely taken aback when on the eve of Palm Sunday the ex-South African Irregular passed me in the Friedrichstrasse with a hurried whisper, "Colo, ambha," two words which, freely translated from Zulu, signified, "As an act of true friendship I warn you to clear off at once." Now I had never carried about with me in Germany a vestige of any compromising papers or even private letters which might appear to be couched in ambiguous terms. But that was not what I feared. I knew that even though I was only an eighth French—my grandmother on the distaff side was a daughter of the House of de Brézé—I could hardly hope for anything but scant mercy from the servants of the Kaiser, who for quite a season had received me as a brother in arms.

* Lieut. B. von S. afterwards added to the family laurels by in a fit of "white African madness" torturing to death some hapless natives of Africa, ever, until Belgium, the land of Germany's dark deeds.

No consideration would be afforded to me the intruder, who had used the glamour of his English commission to work for the army of an adopted nationality. Arrived at my hotel I directed the head waiter to reserve at my particular table three chairs, "as I had that number of officer guests coming to dinner." Also I ordered a couple of special *plats*. Then I hastened up to my bedroom and changed into the habiliments of civilised man when he obeys "the tocsin of the soul, the dinner-bell." Leaving the Kaiser Hof, I mentioned at the office that I was going across the street to have a cocktail with Lieut.-General Sir James Grierson (as he became later on), and that I should be back to receive my guests—who were wholly imaginary—at ten to eight. But I did not give myself the pleasure that evening of visiting the genial soldier whose life went out within a few hours of the landing of the 82,000 strong reinforcement to France's sorely-taxed army. Instead, I slowly sauntered like an old boulevard *flaneur* up the long Friedrichstrasse to the Central Station, from which the express took me to Holland.

I have been told that persons in imminent danger of death have seen their whole past life unrolled before them as a panorama. It has never happened to me when I have on occasion been close to the banks of the Styx; probably I had too much on my hands in looking after the expenditure of ammunition, swearing hard, and other pressing matters, to spare even a necessary moment for reviewing my godless past. But, strangely enough, something of this unpleasant form of mental activity came to me while I sat in a *wagon lit* waiting for the train to pull out. "After eight o'clock has passed," I reflected gloomily, "it's fifty to one and no takers that wires will be dispatched to all stations on the line to the frontiers, giving orders for the arrest of a long-legged passenger travelling in a claw-hammer coat and the white tie of a blameless life."

All across the Hanoverian plains I looked for the arrival at each station of the strangely belated message that would have sent me before the Supreme Court at Leipzig. It was a night of brilliant moonshine, and I watched the "kingdom of the White Horse" that had gone down under the Prussian heel in a week, as it flew past my window at the rate of a mile a minute and twelve seconds. Flat fields and straight

roads mixed up with little towns and hamlets that looked for all the world as if they had been recently taken out of a magnified toy box and after having the paper stripped from them, duly arranged by the fingers of giant children; and a coating of, for the season, unusual snow almost as a first coat of fresh paint, enhanced the impression of soul-depressing Teutonic regularity and awful orderliness. Sleep came not to me for hours; afterwards I saw in every clump of trees that scudded past a fancied resemblance to Spandau's tower. But towards the dawn the long corridor-train ran into the frontier station. Then I ordered an excellent cup of Dutch coffee well laced with cognac, and drank to the confusion of Excellency Colonel von Windham and his myrmidons who had been since the dinner hour of the past night with the warrant for my arrest cooling their heels in the administration of my hostelry.

And such is the true story of an incident in confidential military history of the kind that rarely, if ever, finds its way into print, except in a volume of posthumous reminiscences. The year following my escape my friend General Sir Alfred Turner (who also has been favoured with an anonymous warning from Germany respecting contemplated Zeppelin attentions) told me that my portrait and "hue and cry" description were kept for reference at every German port and frontier station. But despite two attempts at kidnapping—in London, 1898, and Liège, 1911—I have still managed to evade the reach of the long Teutonic arm.

Kultur

By Austin Harrison

It is a good rule in translating from and into French to beware of the apparent equivalent; thus *esprit*; resignation, which in French is *démission*; again, *courtier* does not mean a courtier, but a broker, and so on. And though it is, perhaps, too much to say that if our professors had realised this elementary rule, war would have been avoided, it is fair to admit that the Kaiser was justified in expressing his implicit annoyance to a journalist at the persistency of the English in speaking of Kultur as a civilisation.

The War Lord had a real grievance at last. He meant that Kultur had nothing to do with the sort of thing that goes on at ladies' "culture luncheons," still less with the old cosmopolitanism of Goethe—the conventional Germany revealed to us by our governesses or glorified through the sartorial twaddle of Carlyle and the faculty. Long, dull books will no doubt shortly be written about this matter, which really comes to this: that Kultur with a k does not mean learning, goodness, wisdom, pedagogics, sophistry, philosophy, or ethics, but an attitude—same as Kaiser. Fortunately, it has now got to deal with our own K. of K.

We, of course, do not possess an attitude, for, as a people we are all attitudes. Our main attitudes are those of the aristocracy; of the Army and Navy; of sport, of the squire, of the churches. Thus, the Aristocracy think almost as one family on any given subject, because in sum their interests are identical, and it was owing to this solidarity that the Party of privilege wielded so powerful an influence up to what has been called the Lloyd George era. Soldiers think as soldiers, sailors as sailors. Again, the City has an attitude. The Metropolitan Police Force has an attitude. So have Trade Unionists, masons, flunkeys, fishermen, 'busmen, and ministers of all denominations. These people look on life from a certain point of view. It is their

power, their heritage, their condition. And to these there must be added the Liberal attitude, which, again, is largely dependent upon Puritanism; the Proletarian or economic attitude; and the multiple and centrifugal attitudes of cant, theory, schism, sect, and nationality, which in the hugger-mugger of our political life find some kind of common denomination in the English spirit, based upon the law, of compromise.

This is our national equation. We work by precedent. We think by consent. Our entire public life acts and reacts from this idea of the concentric mean. We call it civilisation. It is what we understand by Liberty as opposed to Democracy, which is also an attitude or spirit signifying an absolutism of the people.

We can easily test this. Thus, the Crown is, in its whole constitution, symbolic. Civilians preside over the Army and the Navy. In no sphere, other than the Law, is there government in the true sense of the word, any national directive such as in Russia or Austria. Our sense of patriotism is innate. Ask a Yorkshireman to define the idea of England and he would probably answer Football. His patriotism is instinctive. And this is the genius of our English civilisation. It has just come about through the Ages. We may say this, that apart from this instinctive sense of what the individual owes to the flag and to the country, Britain has no national attitude or philosophy of life and is, indeed, proud of it. With us, patriotism or race emotion is inbred. No one learns it. No schoolmaster teaches it. It is ours from the freedom of the seas.

The statement of our attitude, or want of attitude, has been logically summed up in Mr. Asquith's formula, "Wait and see." Here we have both case and spirit of England. It explains, even justifies, our unpreparedness, our non-committal governance, our doctrine of *laissez-aller*, our gospel of the "absent-minded beggar," our total lack of system, discipline, and control. We give the batsman the benefit of the doubt. Like good lawyers, we pass sentence only on the proven crime.

Now, if we have no collective attitude, Germany is all attitude, and this is what the Germans mean by Kultur. On this, all German writers agree, whether philosophers, economists, or soldiers. Kaiser—Kultur: they are one

and the same idea. That idea is action or force; German force: Germanic force. As "wait and see" is our motto, so Germany derives hers from the root-principle of Treitschke's teaching—"Be Governmental."

That is the German life-force or attitude.

Nietzsche expresses much the same idea with his intellectual cry: "Be hard, my friends." And this note—this schoolmasters' note of drill and admonition—is the constant theme of the German philosophy of life, recurring again and again in ever-increasing force and insistency, from the days when the Great Elector pronounced the words: "Remember you are a German": which phrase is the cognisance of the Pan-Germans. On this thought, Germans have been educated for the last two hundred years.

The Elector did not mean remember you are a Christian, a gentleman, a good fellow, or a very clever one, but remember you are a soldier whose individual and collective business it is to impose the German will upon other peoples. Frederick the Great left the German people with a long imposition of martial apophthegms and rules, and with a classic example in the partition of Poland. It would be tiresome to recapitulate the sayings of Electors, Kings, Emperors, professors, soldiers, and pedants who have deposited brazen words of Germanism in the arcana of Prussian-German history; their name is legion. Ranke, Sybel, the admirable Mommsen, all thought alike, from a *codex belli*, shutting out the weak and the small nationalities from all right of being in the scheme of German progress.

As an assertion of life, Kultur is pure feudalism, in the form of State or national dogma. Nor must we forget in this connection the complicity of the Hapsburgs, who have been the tyrants and oppressors of every State in turn. Austria and Germany are one, and Kultur is the spirit which unites them.

The point to notice is this schoolmaster's stick, for it is at once an explanation and justification. Now, it is true that Nelson gave us one noble phrase, but otherwise we cannot be said to be strong on mottoes. Drake, Queen Bess, Cromwell, the Charlies, the Jimmys, the Georges, Pitt, Fox, the Cecils, Darwin, Raleigh, Byron, Shelley, Scott, Dickens, Newton, Stevenson—these people left no

national hagiography, though the "Iron Dook" was said to be prolific with his D's. We have no "Blood and Iron" in our text-books, no "Mailed Fist," no "Admiral of the West," no "Be strong"—"Be Governmental"—"Be Seamen." Disraeli never proclaimed that England's future lay "in India." Lord Salisbury never told us anything. Thackeray was never given a Chair of national economics. Herbert Spencer was never invited to collaborate in a "Book of War." Ruskin, who wrote on all things under the sun, forgot the soldiers, strategy, night-attacks, and hegemony. Even Shakespeare is reticent on the point. The schoolboy is not exhorted by Tiffins min. "to be British"; he would think the other boy was "getting at" him, maybe that his trousers were coming down. But he knows the standard. The *fleurs de Lys* seem to be woven on the flag naturally.

Now the German schoolboy has to go to school for his patriotism. He has primers of quotations to acquire, prolegomena and catechisms by the score. What Fichte said of "national boundaries"; what Arndt wrote, or List, the Pan-German, or this Elector or that Burggraf of the Mark; military citations from the Bible, from Macchiavelli, from Clausewitz, from Bismarck's archives, from "silent" Moltke, from anthologies of the Barbarossas, the Hapsburgs and the Williams, who "rest with God"; from Wotan and the Kaiser with his multitudinous and didactic professors. No easy task to remember them all either. Yet, none the less, a duty—the duty of a German who is trained to be a *Kulturmensch.*

Here we have the manna, though I am at a loss how to translate it, for *Kulturgeschichte* means the history of culture, whereas a Kulturmensch in a Pickelhaube has a dangerous way with churches, as we know from Louvain. It depends on the point of view. At any rate, he is a special German product. It does not denote a man of education, a good man, or a wise man, say, like the late Lord Acton. A *Kulturmensch* is a fellow with a national attitude, provided that attitude is the German one.

For instance, Mommsen ceased to be a *Kulturmensch* the day he rebuked the Germans for abusing England. He had "grown old," they said; he no longer understood the *geistige Strömungen*, or thought movements, of his

time. But Professor Eucken is a *Kulturmensch*, because he has denounced the perfidy of England; so is Dr. Kuno Meyer; so is Hauptmann, the poet; so is Lissauer, awarded the Iron Cross for his Hymn of Hate.

The individualist will object at once that this is an arbitrary interpretation of culture, a discipline and not a philosophy. Exactly. It is Spartan, the Germans will explain. As before said, Kultur is an attitude, a discipline of State. Nobody in Germany would dispute it. On the contrary, disciplined thought is the syllabus of the German meaning of history. Even Mommsen declared the Germans to be of a higher cast of intelligence than other peoples. To be a *Kulturmensch* signifies a consciousness of will-power in the individual based on the consciousness of superior intelligence. The superman, in short, to use the German word, or, as we might say, Mr. Tappertit. The creature arose, spread and became the national type because the Germans are, as Prince Bülow has called them, such "political asses."

Stein, who really prepared the way for German hegemony, used worse language about them. Bismarck always traded on Michael. Nietzsche and Heine both lashed the Germans unmercifully for their arrogance and stupidity. Kultur with a k came into practice indeed because of this stupidity, this Philistinism of old Particularist Germany, as an educational and remedial weapon, and has been so employed ever since. The professors taught Kultur for the same reason that Bismarck took Alsace—to unify through danger or fear. The German people never gave it a thought, as our domestics say. Having beaten the Austrians and the French with astonishing ease, they lost their heads. When they were told by the Professors, whom the world vied in rendering homage to, that Germans were nobler, stronger, finer and more Godlike than other nations, they swallowed it, like a patent pill. The curious simplicity of mind, so characteristic of Germans, accepted the flattery with childish glee. Politically, the Germans are still Feudal—we must remember, also, that they are not a creative people, only immensely industrious, conscientious, and malleable. The Kaiser told the Germans they were conquerors, and he had it from Gross-Papa who had it from God. *Du liebe Zeit!* To anyone

who knows the Germans there is something grotesque and pathetic in the way this essentially dull-witted people absorbed their Master's vanity.

It is important to realise that the Germans are dull-witted, unimaginative, and ingenuous—a sequacious race. There are 3,000,000 officials in Germany—think what that means! As Price Collier wrote, Germany has "organised itself into an organisation." Professor Ramsay has well said that "German ideals are infinitely far removed from the conception of the true man of science . . . so far as we can see, the restrictions of the Teutons will relieve the world from a deluge of mediocrity."

That is the truth. The Englishman is far cleverer than the German, though he affects not to apply his brains. Though war has been the thought and profession of Germany for 50 years, she has invented none of its marvellous machinery. The torpedo, the submarine, wireless telegraphy, the motor-car, the revolver, the machine gun, aircraft, the turreted ship—these were all invented by non-German men. The Germans only applied them. All the talk about the German* "superiority" is bluff. Europe accepted it because in the modern world of advertisement bluff plays a tremendously influential part—until it is found out. German *Kultur* has been found out, like the big Zeppelins. It is the attitude of the bully; the science of intelligent brutality.

We find it difficult to grasp this German servility, this attitude "to order," but once we realise the two central facts about the German psychology, first that the Germans in the mass are a stupid people, the most servile and unimaginative in Europe, and secondly, that the ruling classes are inherently brutal, envious, narrow-minded, and dogmatic, we find the chief ingredients of illusion available, whether that illusion be turned into delusion or delirium. There is a strong touch of fatalism or mysticism in the German character, too, which has materially aided the mass-philosophy of the German professors, whose business,

* The success of modern Germany has been due to assiduity, hard work, method, system, organisation, meticulous attention to detail, applied science, State aid, and national discipline. Take War, where they admittedly shine, and note their blunders about the Kiel Canal, big ships, airships, submarines, and the fact that soldiers are not even taught to aim over 500 yards. Note their political *gaffes*.

under the Kaiser, it was to drill Germans up to the single German idea. Much the same thing happened with the materialism of Karl Marx.

The German Socialists, as we know, accepted Marx as a gospel. They polled upwards of 4,000,000 votes at the last elections. Yet these "revolutionary" but really docile proletarians marched into Belgium and France, singing "*Deutschland über Alles*," and recently the Party have reprimanded Dr. Liebknecht for his anti-national attitude. Now Engels, who drew up the famous Communist Manifesto, foresaw the danger, and expressly warned the Germans that they would go wrong if they allowed the "materialist conception" to be used as an infallible formula to which historical facts had to be "fitted in." And that is precisely what has happened to Socialism in Germany. It happened because the Germans are not really *thinkers*, but theorists. They are assimilators. They apply the thoughts and systems of others. As a people, they have little creative individualism.

Thus, the idea of Socialism, developed to its highest pitch in Germany, is the product of the Jewish brains of Marx, Engels, and Lassalle. The German idea came from the Czech-Saxon, Treitschke, from the Swede, Arndt. The Germanic, or Pan-German idea, which is the cause of the present war, was built up from the purely speculative thoughts of the Frenchman, Gobineau, systematised and expounded into a racial attitude by the renegade Englishman, Chamberlain, in his work, *The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century*.

In this, Chamberlain says that the "German is the soul of culture. . . . True history begins from the moment when the German, with mighty hand, seizes the inheritance of antiquity."

This is *Kultur*, the attitude of the Kaiser, of the Army, of the derivative professors. It is well to understand this derivative nature of German thought, which has never advanced beyond the ecclesiastical imperative of Kant. As a fact, nearly all the creative and emotional utterances of Germans, both before and during the war, are non-German in origin. Dernburg, now in America, Lissauer, Ballin, Eucken, Bernstein, Wedekind, most of the leaders in medicine, thought, art, music, poetry, economics, or the

stage, are Semitic. The whole materialistic conception of history is essentially Jewish in its critical spirit. The Austro-Bavarian so-called art movement is also Jewish in its origins and temperament, there is little other in modern Germany. There is nothing racially German in these conceptions. They are exotic growths grafted on the dull German mind. In themselves intellectually stimulating and, indeed, cosmopolitan, they struck the ponderous German with wonder. But he has been unable to understand or add to them. They fitted in with his hereditary fighting instinct, what he loves to call the "Berserker fury" or German joy of battle. These foreign and Semitic brain storms made him neurotic, overwhelmingly conceited, arrogant, and restless. Under the paranoiac Kaiser, posing now as Lohengrin, now as a special constable of God, the solid, undiscerning, unimaginative German came to look upon himself and his country as vested, indeed, with a divine mission—to assert himself upon those less favourably endowed and less militarily prepared to meet him. *Kultur* thus became a policy in which all the Germans were one.

To smash their way through.

Individuals and nations have gone wrong before. I do not know that there is much more to be said about it, except that they may confidently be expected to go wrong again. Error is the history of mankind, though we are not taught much about that at the schools. But the Romans fell into precisely the same madness of "grandeur," and went down in consequence. Civilisation, in fact, may be described as the perpetual struggle of force systems. The point has been well put by the American *Outlook*:—

"As theocracy, or the attempt to make men righteous by force, failed in the New England colonies; as serfdom or slavery, or the attempt to make men industrious by force, failed in Russia and the United States; as feudalism, or the attempt to make men loyal and chivalrous by force, failed in England; and as the spirit of materialistic revolution, or the attempt to make men liberal-minded and intellectually fit by force, failed in France—so the doctrine of *Machtpolitik*, the attempt by Germany to impose a civilisation upon humanity by force, must fail—must be made to fail."

Certainly, *Kultur* will fail. But it is not correct to call it a civilisation. At best, it is only a pretext. Compared with the English and the French, the so-much vaunted German civilisation, with a commercial "c," is fundamentally unspiritual. Nor do the Germans themselves believe in it, for the individual German is curiously hesitant and doubtful about his own "superiority." Every man who has ever lived in Germany knows how anxious the German is to hear that the English "are not laughing at his Kaiser," to be patted as a "white man" on the back. *Kultur* is really a giant bluff put up by the Kaiser and his suborned General Staff of professors to conceal the real purpose of Germany—war. With words, as Goethe wrote, "great things can be done." *Kultur* was invented to give the Germans a tradition, a face, and in this it succeeded beyond even the wildest imaginings of its originators. It worked to win. In every sense, *Kultur* with a "k" stood for all that is opposed to humanity in that it postulated as reason of state and mental outlook physical force, or destruction. In plain words, *Kultur* meant the spirit which intended, and prepared for, war; a spirit of uncompromising war discipline.

The Pro-German Danger

By the Editor

THOUGH after seven months of war the German armies are unbeaten on either front and there is no reason to anticipate an early termination of the struggle, a curious optimism is spreading in this country, due, perhaps, to the consideration that the Zeppelins have not yet ventured to bombard London. The optimism is, of course, all right. London is safe enough and so is England, so long as Russia fights. If it pleases us to look upon victory, for that reason, as a foregone conclusion, well, it won't hurt the Germans; nor, indeed, would it so much signify were it not accompanied by a new spirit subterraneously working in various directions—the spirit of smug magnanimity.

As usual, it is run by our theorists, for the most part by the men who, before the war, insisted that Germany was England's natural and sincere friend. These people have formed themselves into a league of agitation, associated with the I.L.P. Apparently their aim is to prevent the humiliation of the German people; to bring influence to bear on the Government against "territorial indemnities"; to spread the nonsense and sedition about Russian "barbarism"; in short, to work, by word of mouth and pamphlet, "for the King of Prussia."

At a time when Germany has declared a piratical blockade of these shores, such treason—for that is what it amounts to—might seem inconceivable. But there it is—a reputable organisation of men, members and prospective members of Parliament, including that "funny cuts" politician, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald.

We are accustomed here to these individualistic antics, but in this great European crisis we bear an international responsibility. Up to the present, we have only taken a relatively small share in the fighting; the brunt of it has

been borne by France and Russia.* Our optimism, indeed, depends upon Russia. Were that country to tire of the war, or slacken her splendid efforts, at once the entire military situation would change very critically to our disadvantage. The whole issue hangs on the pertinacity of the Russians. If we win, if France is saved from overwhelming disaster, it will be due to this Russian co-operation, and to no other cause. Russia is thus the military determinant. Were Russia to stop or make a separate peace with Germany, then Britain would have to fight for her very life.

In these circumstances, it would seem not only decent, but gravely politic, for all those cherishing pro-German proclivities to suspend, at any rate, their activities, until the German armies have been actually beaten. Nor is that all. Whatever the theorists of this country may think it right for Britain to decide, in a war which, if won, will be won by the sacrifice and patriotism of no less than three allied Powers, not to speak of Servia, it is obvious that Britain will not have the decisive say in the peace negotiations. They only partially concern her, and they must be decided on strict military grounds in the interests of Europe.

Apart from the silliness of disposing of the spoils before there are any spoils to dispose of, the spirit which sets out to dictate to our Allies what things they may take and what not take is in the highest degree offensive to the soldiers of France and Russia who have been doing by far the major part of the fighting. It is a matter which, if there is any reason for our military censorship, that body should at once attend to, if only out of common courtesy to our Allies.

There are numerous other pro-German influences at work. With that impudent condescension of smug insularity that has made England so hated abroad, magnanimous proposals are made that we should restore to Germany some Colonies by way of reparation. For what? These people forget that all Belgium, a rich part of France, and a great part of Russian Poland are actually in the power of the

* The truth is that Russia has again been severely defeated. It is indeed monstrous that anything but gratitude should be expressed here for the heroic efforts of the Russian Armies, failing whose co-operation every man in these islands would have to be called up in the defence of his country.

Germans; that no military decisions have been reached, and that pompous, futile talk of that kind is calculated to make the Russians ask themselves whatever they should go on fighting for if it is the purpose of England to restore to Germany what Germany herself took from others by force. All proposals of this kind are hailed with delight by the Germans, who count on English "humanitarianism" and village beer-politics. Certainly, the Russians struggling in Poland don't like it. They are fully entitled to complain.

And this smug magnanimity talk is spreading. Confused with the "Everlasting Peace" idea, the European commonwealth notion, and other theories of the theorists, the attitude of condescension threatens to become a serious danger, all the more as there are indications that, as the result of the submarine blockade, even America may be drawn into the struggle.

Quite conceivably, this will be the end of German policy. Counting on the very powerful German interest in America, Germany, if America were to range herself on the side of the Allies, might well say she could fight no longer, and throw herself on the clemency of President Wilson. In that way, America, though she has nothing to do with the war or its issues, would obtain a dominating voice in the peace negotiations, which, owing to the German influence and the sentimentality of the New World, would work emphatically in the German interest. It would save the Hohenzollerns; enable the Germans to declare a drawn war; enable them to retire gracefully. What with the German interest in America and the pro-German influence here, the Germans might then get the terms they want. The war would have been in vain. One hesitates even to conjecture what our Allies would say in such an eventuality, still less what they might do. A new military situation might arise, more potentially dangerous than the present one, possibly leading to dissension among the Allies—which is the condition Germany banks on.

If the Allies leave the German and Austrian Empires intact, there will be no hope of peace in Europe, and no modifications in what is called militarism. A peace which left the German people uncrippled, able to recuperate, able to reassert and rebuild the Germanic idea would leave

all Europe pledged to militarism, and this country in particular. We are the "enemy." Against us the hatred of the German nation is directed. Any weakness on our part would be turned against us a thousandfold. If the Kaiser can return to Potsdam with anything like an honourable treaty in his pocket, the Germans will respect him; there will be no internal revolution; the whole energy and resources of the Empire will be organised and directed towards the future revenge, the overthrow of the British Empire. We may count on that. There is one way only to prepare the conditions of peace in Europe, and that is to crush the German armies. Not till then, and only then, are the German people likely to return to their senses and set about the needful reforms which, if they are to be permanent, must come from within. The Germans must bring about their own salvation, but that they will never do until the powers of Hohenzollern militarism have been destroyed by the Allied forces on the field.

Any other view is based on ignorance of the German race or on idle theory.

The gentlemen who pontificated to us about German friendship before the war have neither the judgment nor the knowledge to preach to us now that we are at war. Their blather is an insult to the soldiers. Every word that they utter is an offence to our Allies. This is not primarily England's war, though it may become so. It is the war of Europe, and it can only be ended with the consent of Europe, and in the common interest of Europe. It is time our amateur theoreticians and professional busy-bodies were put in their right place, which, in war, is under the censorship. If they are allowed to intrigue and cast about their jets of treason and disintegration, we may yet find ourselves enmeshed in an unsatisfactory peace. The smug magnanimity of our armchair map-makers constitutes a real danger to England and to our Allies.

France—A Battle-ground

By A. H. M.

I DO not think the people in England speculate what it would be like were the war being waged in their own country. They say, of course, that it would be horrible; many may *realise* that it would be horrible. But for us behind our ships, for the Germans behind their Rhenish fortifications, it is so inconceivable a condition of affairs that we never even give it consideration.

The number of our manhood who have not been, or are not on their way, to the war area, daily decreases. For such no description is necessary. They will see, far better than any newspaper can tell them, the effects of war on a country. They will share the same cottages as the villagers who still remain in the firing line; they will learn the fine qualities of the women of France; perhaps they will shelter them in their trenches.

For, short of the actual experience, nothing can make so vivid the horror of war in one's own country as to fight in an Allies' country, and stand with them on their own blood-soaked soil. As racking to the nerves of the soldier as the shells which crash about the cottages of a village in the firing line is the plight of the few poor inhabitants who remain, and I have seen many a rough, and, as one would have thought, not over-sensitive lad from Bermondsey or Lancashire made "fair sick" by the sight of it.

When the British Army was first moved from the Aisne to Flanders, we had our share of this sort of experience. In one night a grunting fleet of motor-'buses carried us from the cobbled streets of an old Cathedral town, lying sweetly pretty surrounded by fair fields and browned woods and buzzing with busy prosperity since the arrival of the troops, to a straggling village some forty miles away, where already the villagers had begun to pack their goods. And as we waited there for further orders a quickly thickening

stream of refugees began to pour back from towns still nearer to the enemy.

Never before have I understood the word "Refugee" as I did then, when our orders came to march. It brings home to one the full meaning of the word to have to walk along a road past men in their hundreds, all hurrying in the other direction; to have to approach the thing from which they are flying; to know it is one's lot to stand between them and that thing, and drive it back. How utterly—and it seemed to us soldiers, perhaps—ignominiously they were flying, these men from Lille. They mostly carried their boots and wore soft rubber shoes; these, the boots, were all they seemed to have brought with them. Many looked hungry and tired, all exceedingly discomfited. They were artisans, thrown harshly out of work, and where now were they to earn their living? By fighting for their country, seems the natural answer, and this we, as we went by, said to one another. "They should go back and enlist." What were they doing in civilian clothes—there was plenty of work for every man in these times; no cause to pity any who had lost employment; indeed, it was rather disgraceful to see so many helpless, unarmed men in a country at war. This we, soldiers fighting beside our Allies, thought as we marched through France—France, where there is compulsory service and—how many millions under arms? *What, one wonders, would a Frenchman think could he come to London at this time?*

In time the stream of refugees came to an end. We had marched out between them and their danger. We halted by the roadside, waiting for the cavalry ahead of us to withdraw. Presently they appeared round a hill, altogether magnificent with their cuirasses and long black plumes—the officers, if you please, with their breast-plates burnished. Fancy, if our Household Cavalry left their posts at Whitehall just as they were, to go to war! Yet so these Frenchmen do.

When the Cavalry had withdrawn, our turn came, and we made preparations for attack. We lined a ditch along a road, and a battery unlimbered in a field near by. I went up to talk to the Major in charge. He had just come down from a haystack, which he'd climbed to look at the surrounding country.

"What are you going to do?" I asked him, looking at the businesslike grey nozzles of his guns. He was a fat, squat, hard-set little man, who looked as though he'd lunched well.

"I'm going to shell Richebourg," he answered with great complacency, indicating a village about a mile away. How simple it sounded! And yet what desolation was going to be brought to a small village in the course of the next ten minutes! What a fuss we made when they plumped a few shells into Scarborough the other day! And yet this happens in France every morning of the week.

There is nothing more casual in warfare than the use of guns. I remember once being near a heavy battery observing station in front of La Bassée. The heavy battery was about a mile back; the gunner officer whose duty it was to give targets for the guns, the then Colonel of my regiment, and myself, were all standing under the lee of a cottage. The Colonel went out into the road to have a look at things, and got hit by a maxim in the foot. He came back at once to the cottage. While sitting on the ground in great pain, waiting for his foot to be dressed, our Scout Officer came up and said he believed that the maxim which had hit him was in the tower of a fine church, which stood out high above the other buildings of La Bassée. He at once sent for the artillery officer, and directed him to telephone back to the battery to open fire on the church. Is this realised, that when war is made in a country it may be necessary for the defenders to destroy their own most precious buildings?

It was soon after this that we got into more or less settled quarters, remaining along a particular line of trenches for three days. There was a farm building just behind the right wing of my company's trench, and here we used to go for most of our meals. The farmer's wife put her best parlour at our disposal, and either cooked for us, or allowed our servants to cook our food in the kitchen. In this kitchen, too, she kept open house for those of the villagers who remained. Here, huddled over the stove all day long, sat an old, old man, whose cottage had been demolished by a shell, and whose horse—his only means of livelihood—killed. We questioned the old fellow at first to learn his trouble. He was only able to explain incoherently, and say over and over again how the great

thing had crashed in upon him, and in one instant wrecked his all. Poor old man, though he had remained in the firing line while three armies passed his door, it had just wanted *that* to bring home to him the meaning of war; the meaning, that is, that it had for himself and his countrymen. Though he did not say so, it was so very unexpected that such a thing could have happened to his peaceful little cottage in the meadow, where he had lived, harming no one and unharmed, nearly four score years.

And then there was another younger man, who was half insane and brought in by his wife. His eyes were very red, I remember, and he could say nothing.

"*They* have made him march in front of them three days," his wife told me.

"Was it so?" I asked him. He nodded miserably.

The farmer's wife was a splendid woman, a woman that lives in one's memory. With her kitchen filled with refugees, and we coming and going between the parlour and the trenches, she had enough to do. But she went about quietly making coffee and soup and stews, and not even a night attack pressed almost to the farm disturbed the calm, sad look upon her face. She seldom spoke to us except to inquire our wants, and never, as others did, asked questions about the war. Only one day, speaking for a woman she was sheltering, whose husband, a labourer, was lying grievously wounded in a wood, did she come twice and ask, a little piteously, if we could not do something. Unfortunately, the poor fellow lay between the Germans and ourselves.

On the second day she made out a methodical list of provisions: rice, coffee, flour, and oil for her lamp, which were necessary, and asked if we could send to the village for them. This we were able to do; I went myself. Our troops had just left the village to advance, and only a few inhabitants remained drinking in a wine shop. In the street I met a party of civilian youths, three of them supporting a fourth. Going up to find out what was the matter, I found that the boy had been hit by shrapnel in five places. Being a civilian and no man's dog, he had been left for three days in a farm without food or drink. His tongue was black and he had just strength to point to it. I had him laid on a table and gave him water. I shall never

forget the smile in his eyes as he turned his head to me after he had drunk—a smile of the sweetest gratitude, such as men show when they are nearly done. He was dying—poor stray thing that he was, caught just by his home in the rough net of war, and cast back because neither side had time to attend to him.

When we left it was to advance, and thankful we all were to leave the brave woman, who had looked after us so well, behind the security of our lines.

I won't speculate here on how things may have gone in that small corner of the fight. Sometimes troops retire a little for strategic reasons, sometimes advance. But I will ask any who read this in their snug English homes to think of the farmer's wife and all poor souls whose homes are even now being washed by the cruel tide of war, and to thank God for the British Fleet, and send their sons and husbands to fight till the water-mark be pressed further and still further back.

Books

FICTION

Rain before Storm. By Eric Leadbitter. (Allen and Unwin, Ltd.) 6*s*.

One reads this novel pleasantly, for the author carries one along with the aid of a flowing narrative style without tricks or unnecessary clevernesses, and has a life to relate—that of the young musician whose name is neither German nor Polish. At school he finds he is not popular—there is an extraordinary scene at a school concert which seems to be based on fact; and the result is that the youth leaves school and starts on his own. Probably this is a young man's work. But it has real qualities and shows undoubted promise. Its fault seems to be an over-sensitive compression. How differently Mr. Wells would have treated this young musician's struggles! How he would have squeezed that lemon dry! After all, revelation is what makes life interesting in art. It is to be hoped the author will "break out" next time and put more of the insides of his subjects on the table.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

The Origins and Destiny of Imperial Britain. By J. A. Cramb. (John Murray.) 5*s*. net.

Now that he is dead, Professor Cramb has begun to attract merited attention. It is, indeed, a pity that work of this kind should pass unnoticed at the time, but there it is, and we can read it to-day with all the posthumous interest. In these essays, Cramb is both learned and suggestive. Unlike most of his type, he has a personal, almost a bright style, and he is not afraid of words. He is not a theorist. Plainly he was under no delusions about Germany; in this volume he is evidently more than doubtful about everlasting peace. That is the interest of his work. This professor was essentially alive. He was able to get away from his chair, to see life as a whole. There is a real prophetic sense in his chapter on the "Ideals of a New Age," in which he

foresees the conflict, and wonders what the enigma of the future will bring forth.

A sound and admirable work.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS. By VAN WYCK BROOKS. (Grant Richards.) 5*s.* net.

As a critical study, this is a lively and even brilliant piece of work. Mr. Brooks has a sound *flair*, a nice sense of words. He has studied his Symonds and the social and geographical influences that helped to form his character; and if the reading of this little biography leaves a not wholly pleasant flavour in our mouth, it is due to Mr. Brooks's artful but perfectly justifiable method of setting up an imaginary Symonds and contrasting the real one with this ideal—to the considerable detriment, of course, of the former. He is right in going to psychological data to explain the good as well as the bad aspects of Symonds; he deals fairly with the astonishing patchwork of the "Renaissance"; throws light on those features of Symonds which may be obscure to certain blunter minds—on his dualism, his neo-Hellenic passion for strong natures, and those democratic tastes which are often associated with great refinement. Altogether, a suggestive volume, though we are still puzzling what that "finality" of Matthew Arnold's was which places him above Symonds. Surely the one all-pervading feature of Matthew Arnold is this: that he never, by any chance, *rings true*.

MINDEN AND THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR. By SIR LEES KNOWLES, Bart., C.V.O. (Simpkin, Marshall.) 5*s.*

THIS book is curious reading, at the present juncture. Great Britain in alliance with Prussia and incidentally founding an Empire—such is the dramatic spectacle presented to us. When Frederick the Great discovered Austria, France, and Russia massing their forces against him, it was to Great Britain that he turned for help. Though George II. disliked the Prussian ruler, he cared very much about Hanover. And Hanover was threatened.

On the eve of the struggle the military condition of England was deplorable. As Sir Lees Knowles observes, regiments were without colonels, and Hessians and Hanoverians were actually imported to defend the country against an invasion threatened by France. Fortunately, there was the elder Pitt. He realised the value of sea

power, and was a judge and inspirer of men. So we had Wolfe and Hawke—the one to win Canada, the other to destroy French maritime power in Quiberon Bay.

The author gives a full and clear history of the battle of Minden and of the six British regiments engaged. There is an amusing account, too, of the egregious Lord George Sackville, probably the most incompetent leader of cavalry on record, as well as a glimpse of the gallant Marquis of Granby, who lost his hat in a charge, and went bald-headed for the enemy—a feat that stirred the eighteenth-century Muse. Six weeks after Minden came the capture of Quebec by Wolfe. "Canada was won in Germany," exclaimed Pitt. Perhaps there is something more to be won in Germany. Our old ally is now our foe. Will the new enmity bring us as much as the old friendship?

The book is admirably written, and contains excellent maps and illustrations.

Masters of Painting: Raphael. By Julia Cartwright. Botticelli. By Julia Cartwright. G. F. Watts. By G. K. Chesterton. Holbein. By Ford Madox Hueffer. (Duckworth.) 3*s.* 6*d.* net each.

The firm of Duckworth is to be congratulated on their venture with this series, which will shortly contain further numbers. The price is wonderfully moderate; the thirty-two photographic illustrations, produced and printed by a new process, are admirable and have been judiciously selected, moreover, for their bearing on the text; the text itself could not have been entrusted to better hands. Miss Julia Cartwright treats of Raphael and Botticelli with scholarly discrimination; Mr. Chesterton, by writing a good deal about Mr. Chesterton and Victorianism, contrives to throw the faded figure of Watts upon an exhilarating background; Mr. Hueffer is in mighty good humour with Holbein, and incidentally gives us many sound and original *aperçus* on art in general.

TRAVEL

The Home of the Blizzard. By Sir Douglas Mawson. Two vols. (Heinemann.) 36*s.* net.

This is a noble pair of volumes, worthy of the expedition they record. The photographs are beyond all praise, and

if there is any criticism to be made on the text it is that, being written by different hands, the narrative lacks a certain finish of form—a certain homogeneity. We shall have the scientific results of these Antarctic researches in due course of time; meanwhile, most readers will seek out that portion of the present story which deals with the tragic deaths of Lieutenant Ninnis and the geologist, Dr. Mertz. It is a poignant chapter in the history of Polar exploration, and no amount of modesty in the telling can conceal the fact that Sir D. Mawson displayed a most astonishing grit and resourcefulness during that awful journey. One little point strikes us as noteworthy—the average age of the members of the Expedition. Of the thirty-seven members of the staff, only *five* were more than thirty years old—two of them had not yet reached twenty. A brilliant venture, carried out with all the enthusiasm of youth, and reflecting the greatest credit on its Australian originators.

WAR

THE WAR AND DEMOCRACY. (Macmillan and Co., Ltd.) 2*s.* net.

THIS small volume on the war states the case excellently. Its authors—let us call them here Dons—J. Dover Wilson; R. W. Seton-Watson; Arthur Greenwood; Alper E. Zimmern evidently know their respective subjects, and write without a trace of feeling, emotion, or bias, which, in present circumstances, is in itself a feat. However, that is what we like. It is also the explanation why these learned gentlemen did not write these useful essays before the war. Mr. Zimmern, for example—and note the German name—writes well on Kultur and Germany, if he betrays a weakness for the land of his ancestry, and tells the plain truth about the German attitude, policy, and ambitions. The authors do not seem over-sanguine about "smashing" the Germans, and warn the public against Press excesses in this respect. Here they show where mere learning errs in contact with action and human aspirations. Unless the Allies do win, do put down the German war civilisation, and do bring about the complete break-up of that absurd heterogeneity of peoples, known as the Austrian Empire, this war will have been in vain, and it will all have to be fought out over again. Judg-

ment is a very different thing from learning, and the professorial note struck in this otherwise excellent compilation need not be taken as a guide. As before said, these chapters are indispensable to all who would understand the position of European affairs to-day, and the currents and eddies swaying them.

THE GERMAN WAR BOOK. Translated by J. H. MORGAN. (John Murray.) 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

HERE is a work which every Englishman should read, because in its pages the spirit and method of Germany are laid bare frankly by the German military authorities. As Mr. Morgan well points out, whenever the War Book inculcates "frightfulness," it is never obscure, when it advises forbearance, it is always ambiguous. That is the German method. This is a terrible book, a book that will live in history as one of the most awful indictments of a civilisation ever put on paper. We who have "gushed" about the Germans cannot do better than inwardly digest it; also Mr. Morgan's able introductory and explanatory remarks. It is easy to be wise after the event. Mr. Morgan has been a frequent contributor to the *Westminster Gazette* and also himself knows something about Germany. It is a thousand pities he did not discover this book two years ago and translate it for the benefit of those who believed in Germany's friendship. He would have done England a service then. To-day one can only say he has done a good piece of translation.

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REGISTERED FOR CANADIAN POSTAGE.
ENTERED AT THE NEW YORK POST OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.